HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXIV.—No. 1224.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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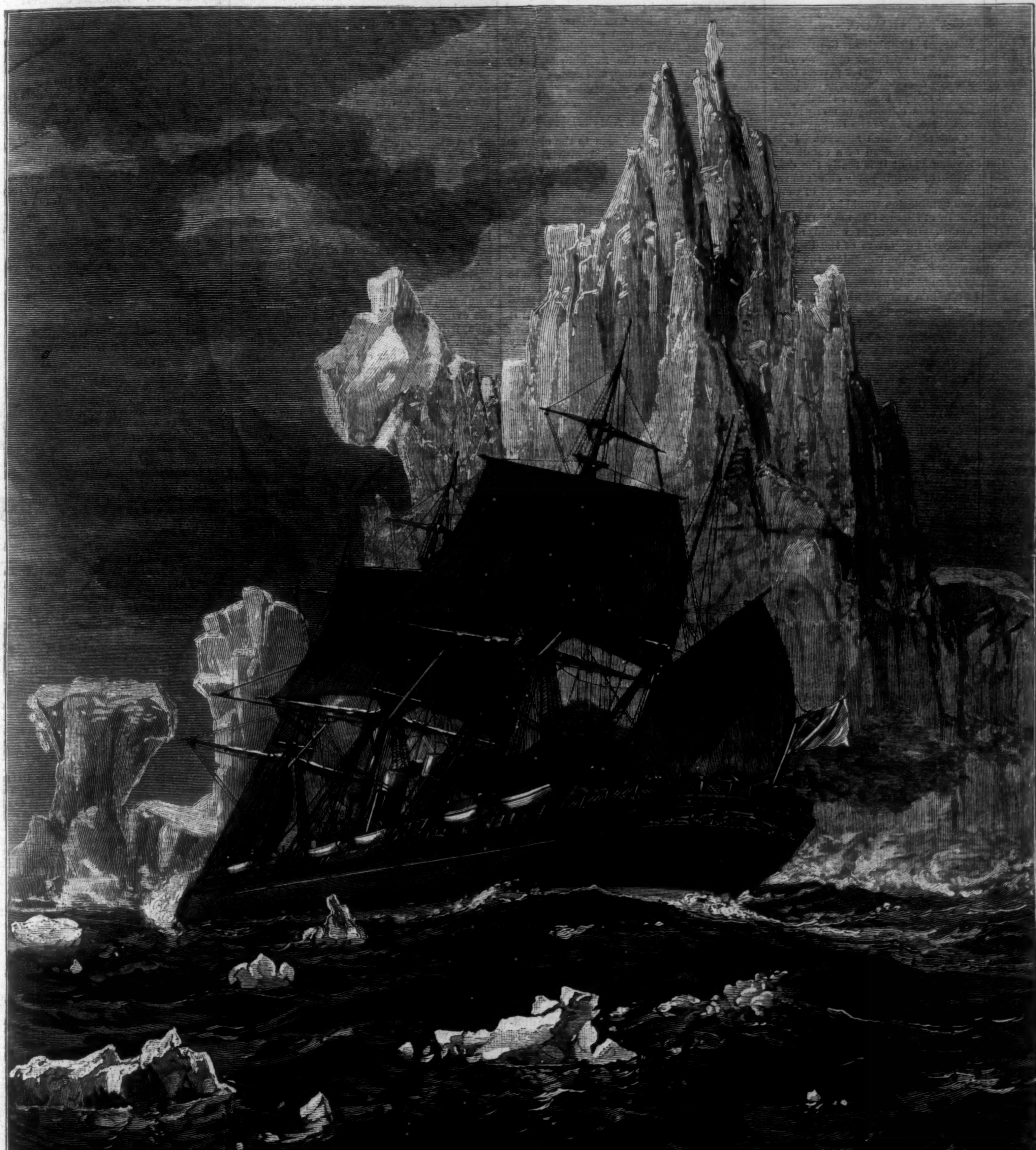


AN ENCOUNTER WITH ICEBERGS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 379.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 12, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 31, published June 1, contains the opening chapter of* William L. Alden's *humorous and fascinating story, "The Moral Pirates," with an illustration by* Frost; *the conclusion of "Across the Ocean"; an excellent story entitled "Setting the Brook to Work"; an exciting episode of frontier life, with an illustration; an amusing story entitled "He's my Friend"; and many other literary and pictorial attractions.*

The readers of Young People *will be sorry to part with Frank Austin, but they will be comforted when they make acquaintance with Harry and his companions on their eventful voyage.*

AT CHICAGO.

THE National Republican Convention will meet as this paper appears. Its first duty will be to provide for perfect freedom of voting by every delegate, as the least reparation that can be made for the despotic suppression of the minority in many State Conventions. Meanwhile the real game at Chicago is not that which appears. It is apparently the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency, but it is really the desperate struggle of certain party chiefs to retain their ascendency. The defeat of General Grant's nomination would be the practical overthrow of Messrs. Cameron, Logan, and Conkling. Its success would make them virtually the dictators of the Republican party. Under their auspices the party, without the pretense of reason or necessity, would be suddenly arrayed against the wise and unbroken usage which limits the Presidency of any man to two terms. The one paramount question which the nomination of General Grant would submit to the country would be that of the violation of a sound and patriotic practice, sanctioned by Washington, formally approved by the Republican party itself, and never yet questioned. Against the intelligent and patriotic judgment of the party, the managers, bent upon their own supremacy, would have forced it into this wholly false position. Many conscientious and loyal Republicans would undoubtedly yield, as to the lesser of two great evils; but many also would oppose the nomination to the end, and leave the responsibility where it belongs—to those who have refused a free and fair expression of opinion to the party.

If, without coercion and of perfectly free will, the Republican masses had declared for General Grant despite the third term and the scandals of his administration, his renomination would have been accepted as inevitable. But it is only by trick and intrigue that it can be accomplished. There are 756 members of the Convention, and the most favorable estimate for General Grant gives him from Republican States only 184 delegates. Of this estimated number, 170 are from the three States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, the estimate giving him the solid vote from each of those States. This, however, will not actually be given to him; and even in those three Republican States the result was obtained by the most unscrupulous means, and by the despotic suppression of the minority. The dismal failure of the attempt to represent his nomination as the general demand of the party becomes ridiculous in the light of the proceedings in his own State of Illinois. Nowhere is the Republican opposition to his nomination more pronounced and active, and its solid vote is given to him only by means that wholly destroy its moral weight.

It is the expectation of the managers that, should General Grant be nominated, all party protestants would be dragged into acquiescence. This is an expectation which would be partly justified and partly disappointed. It is what such managers always say, but it is not what always happens. The nomination of General Grant for a third term opens an entirely new question of practical politics, which must be met upon the stump and in the press, and upon which the party is not agreed. It might be easy for all Republicans to decide between any unobjectionable Republican and any Democratic candidate. But it is not so easy for all Republicans to decide to support a candidate weighted with the offenses of two administrations, and with the unscrupulous machine methods by which the nomination would have been achieved, and whose election would overthrow the recognized safeguards against illicit ambition. The nomination would arouse a Republican disgust and indignation which the managers do not anticipate. When once the barrier of two terms only is swept away, the President will naturally aim at a perpetual re-election. He has an enormous patronage and the "machine" that springs from it to help him. Why should we open the way to this danger? Why should the Republican party, instead of nominating a candidate who is sure to be elected, take the one whose candidacy necessarily raises the most difficult questions? "I do not prophecy," said Mr. Gladstone, in discussing the proposition to make the Queen Empress of India, "that evils are certain to arise from the adoption of this measure. I hope they will not arise. What I perceive is that we are making room for them." The nomination of General Grant would make room for palpable dangers. Hosts of Republicans will consider that the overthrow of the limitation of two terms, with the obvious eager desire of General Grant for a third term, and all that his re-election would necessarily imply, are risks to the republic greater than Democratic success. It is to be hoped that delegates who do not intend to be mere pawns, moved at the will of political gamblers, will bear such facts in mind, and remember at the last moment that an unobjectionable nomination would save the Republican party from a wretched position, and assure an unquestionable victory.

MR. BAYARD'S AMENDMENT.

Mr. Bayard's amendment to the election laws has passed the Senate. It provides that the special deputy-marshals shall be appointed equally from the different political parties. This is a surprising kind of amendment to be offered by Mr. Bayard, who, although a strong party man, is not a mere party politician, and who might be supposed to be unfriendly to a recognition of party differences in permanent laws. The decision of the question what "parties" are to be considered must be left, of course, to the judges who appoint. But there is obviously a wide opening here for mischief, and it is because of such opportunities and temptations that the attempt to provide for party recognition is always to be deprecated.

The necessity for the election laws has been often and forcibly stated. Free elections have become a general party cry and public interest and demand, and the reason, of course, is that such freedom has been threatened. There is necessity for especial protection of voters and of the ballot-box, and the national election laws are properly designed for the actual situation. The kind of danger to which our elections are exposed has been indicated, and it is a plain duty to take every proper and suitable step to obviate it. The Democrats have opposed these laws upon the general ground of their unconstitutionality. They asserted that elections were State events exclusively, and that the States must provide necessary safeguard for them. They attempted in the extra session to paralyze the government by refusing to appropriate money to enforce these laws, and the elections that followed were the popular response to their temerity. The Democrats, therefore, now pursue another course.

They hold that these laws are wholly partisan, and provide, and are meant to provide, means for Republican advantage. They therefore ask that, as the condition of appropriation to enforce the laws, the deputy-marshals shall be appointed from different parties. At present, and under existing circumstances, this seems to us in itself a harmless amendment, although undesirable and superfluous. The same general kind of deputies will be appointed as before. But the possible abuse is evident. If the appointing officer, for instance, has twelve deputies to name, and chooses to recognize four different "parties," he can very easily take nine of the deputies from his own party, leaving three to the opposition. If he be a Democrat, and he recognizes the Democratic, Republican, Greenback, and National Labor parties, he can readily find Democrats in three of them, and appoint accordingly. There is no doubt that honestly to execute such laws the appointments should be non-partisan, and that an honest judge would naturally name officers of different party sympathies. The difficulty is to secure honesty by statute. We can not see, however, that such a condition attached to the appointment of deputies would make a veto, and the practical abrogation of the law, desirable.

"A GOOD ENOUGH MORGAN UNTIL AFTER ELECTION."

A correspondent asks if the proposition for counting the electoral vote, introduced by Senator Morgan, and passed by the Senate, requiring the assent of both Houses to reject the vote of any elector, is not fairer toward the rights of the States than that of the Republicans, which rejected a vote upon the will of one House. Undoubtedly the vote of no State should be rejected except by the concurrence of both Houses. But that is not our objection to the Morgan proposition. The objection is that it provides no State remedy for a dispute, as Mr. Edmunds's bill did, and as Mr. Morton's proposition did, but requires Congress to pass in detail upon the legal competency of each individual elector in every State. Congress thus absolutely absorbs all the State prerogatives regarding the election, settles all disputes, and becomes, as we said, a national Returning Board. A more prodigious act of centralization could hardly be proposed.

The Morgan plan is a concurrent resolution to govern the count next winter. The Democrats have a majority in both Houses. It is fair to say that, under the circumstances, an objection made by the party in one House would be sustained by the party in the other. Practically, therefore, the vote would be rejected by either House. But beyond this, the proposal, not to pass upon the validity of the State certificate to its own electoral vote, but to call the roll of the electors and pass upon their individual qualifications, is simply providing a means of defeating an honestly elected candidate by the merest technical or legal quibble. A change of five or six votes may alter the apparent result of the election. The temptation to find a plausible pretext, or a pretext not plausible—in a word, to Garcelonize, will be irresistible, and it is a temptation that ought not to be permitted, much less encouraged. There is palpable danger in the Morgan plan, and there is not a single good reason to be urged for this vital provision of it. Party spirit in the States may be trusted to discover the disqualification of electors, and the State tribunals should settle the dispute. If both parties in the State acquiesce, or are not shrewd enough to discover that an elector, for instance, is a postmaster, and therefore disqualified, it is better that his vote should be counted than that a majority perhaps of a hundred thousand should be set aside, and the evident, unquestioned, and unquestionable will of the people be outraged and defied.

We hope that our correspondent does not suppose that Democratic wrongs can be justified by Republican precedents. That the Republicans have sometimes abused their party power will not excuse Democrats for a similar abuse, and it is a poor argument for Democratic success that the party is imitating the worst acts of which it accuses the Republican party. There is nothing partisan, unpractical, or unfair in Mr. Edmunds's proposition; and if the Democratic majority had wished to persuade the country that it desires nothing but an honest electoral count, it would have adopted the Edmunds bill, or one founded upon its principle, which is the principle conservative of just State rights.

THE ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION.

The action of the Illinois Republican Convention should not pass without the most emphatic protest from the Republican press, and we are glad to see that it was instantly and generally made. The Republican party is, or was, the party of freedom. If any Republican is hurt by our saying "was," let him see what the Illinois Convention did. The object of the Convention was to send forty-two delegates to Chicago to represent, *by districts*, the Republican preferences of the State. Of course any other system than the district system makes the sending of forty-two delegates absurd. Wordsworth sings of forty cattle feeding like one; but if forty-two men, despite their convictions, are to be bound to vote as one, why not send one, and save the expense of forty-one?

The outrage of the action in the Illinois Convention was this, that having obtained a working Grant majority by refusing to recognize the right of the Cook County Convention to bind delegates by the unit rule, or to select only those who favored a certain candidate, it immediately deprived the districts of the selection of their own delegates, and itself appointed all of them, choosing those only who favored Grant, and binding even those by the unit rule! A more wanton abuse of the majority principle was never known, and it is by such means, and such means only, that the nomination of General Grant has been made possible.

If delegates are to vote in nominating Conventions only as a majority of a State Convention may decree, of what use is a delegation of more than one? New York has seventy votes in a National Convention. If 206 members of the State Convention of 410 members can order the seventy delegates to vote unitedly for the candidate whom the 206 prefer, why should not a single delegate go and cast the seventy votes? The result of this system is to permit a minority to nominate a Presidential candidate. The protest of Senator Robertson and his associates in New York against this despotic usurpation will be sustained, we have no doubt, by the Republican sentiment of the State, and the action of the Illinois Convention will be repudiated by the Republican sentiment of the country as a monstrous usurpation.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

It is a common objection to a non-partisan civil service that it would destroy parties, which are indispensable in a free country. But let us see. What is the object of party in a free government? It is the enforcement of a certain policy of administration, and the sole legitimate sanction of that policy is the will of a free majority of the people. Without that sanction there is no popular government, and the first object of practical politics, therefore, must be to obtain a perfectly free expression of the popular will. Whatever embarrasses such an expression is obviously hostile to popular government itself. But nothing can embarrass it so much as the organized action of those who have a personal and mercenary interest in preventing such an expression.

Now this is just what the spoils system effects. It stimulates place-holders to work eagerly and incessantly for their places by securing the success of the party which gives them places, and without any regard whatever to public principles or policy or measures. The necessary result is that party success ceases to represent differences of opinion upon policies of administration, and parties become merely armies of attack or defense, the ins holding their offices against the outs, the outs struggling to get in, while the purposes for which parties exist wholly disappear in the conflict.

The spoils system compels every voter in the country either to devote his whole time to politics, as those who live by politics do, or to lose all practical political power whatever. Instead, therefore, of being essential to party government, it is hostile to the very object of party in a free government.

TALKING IN THE AIR.

Senator David Davis has written a letter which is understood to be his "platform," if any party is in want of a candidate for the Presidency. The true platform vagueness is well illustrated in what Senator Davis says of "civil service reform." He begins by the usual amusing remark that no methods of reform are necessary; virtue alone is wanted. "Neither laws nor commissions created under them will effectually reform the many and glaring abuses of the civil service." Now the objection to this statement is its total want of truth. The laws and commissions created under them in England have effectually reformed the many and glaring abuses of the civil service in that country, as Mr. Eaton's history of the subject will prove to Senator Davis whenever he has time to read it.

Senator Davis says that commissions are "powerless for good." But why so? He insists that the President has all the power necessary for reform now. Very well. The President has to appoint some five thousand postmasters, for instance, and he wishes to ascertain the most fitting persons. How can he do it without assistance? But that assistance is what the Senator derides as rules and commissions. Such derision is folly. There must be methods. A President's "courage," and his "bent upon real and not simulated reforms," will no more suffice than they would be enough for the Senator if he wished to change an evil system of ventilation.

The object of reform, as Senator Davis will learn when he looks into the subject upon which he pronounces so sententiously, is not to get efficient partisan officers, but to make the appointment and the tenure depend upon merit ascertained by non-partisan methods. To accomplish this result there must be rules and methods: not only virtuous intentions, but practicable means.

MR. EMERSON.

Mr. Emerson is now the senior of our most distinguished men of letters, and his eminence is recognized not only without dissent, but with an affection and respect which few men have ever enjoyed. It is a feeling which has grown constantly for more than forty years, a period covering our great literary era, and it is deeper, stronger, more universal, than ever. When Mr. Emerson delivered the Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge, the most striking and important of all the illustrious list, which includes Buckminster's, in 1809, and Everett's, in 1824, it was the announcement to the country of the appearance of an original and thoroughly American genius and insight. The address at the Divinity School and that at Dartmouth College confirmed and extended this impression, and threw that entrancing spell of spiritual ascendency over younger men which is one of the most unique and delightful facts of intellectual experience.

The first of these addresses was delivered forty-three years ago, and the other two in the next year. They were followed by various addresses, and by the first course of lectures at the Masonic Temple in Boston, which were of a strain so new that even in the city of Channing and Everett and Buckminster, one of the current stories was that, told with great gusto, of the great lawyer Jeremiah Mason, who was reported as saying that although he did not understand Mr. Emerson, his daughters did. Forty years have passed, and Mr. Mason's is still the traditional name of a great lawyer; Mr. Emerson's is the name of a lofty intellectual and moral force which is felt throughout contemporary thought and literature, and universally acknowledged.

The actual life of none of "Plutarch's men" could have been more truly simple and ideal than that of the famous citizen of Concord. Indeed, both he and his Cambridge neighbor, Mr. Longfellow, who are men of different tastes and temperaments, are totally devoid of all those affectations and foibles which mar the impression of so many of their contemporaries in fame and genius. Purity, sincerity, elevation, simplicity, these are the qualities that are identical with the name of Emerson. Great powers greatly directed, the noblest influence, a life absolutely free from selfishness, a character moulded of heroism and tenderness, so that his own lines unconsciously describe his own lofty life and light-giving power—

> "Oh, tenderly the haughty day
> Fills his blue urn with fire"—

these are the crown of the great man who has just passed his seventy-seventh birthday.

WILKIE COLLINS ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

When it was announced that Mr. Wilkie Collins was about to contribute to an American magazine an article on International Copyright, the public hoped for something striking and original on the subject. His performance has not justified the expectation. The distinguished novelist has thrown no new light on the question. His paper in the *International Review* for June is nothing but a vigorous echo of the well-known British whoop against American "pirates"; and, curiously enough, while he asserts that American publishers have nothing to do with the question, he presents himself as the champion of the trade interests of British publishers.

Mr. Collins states his view of the object to be attained by "the thing called International Copyright" as follows: It "is to give me by law (on conditions with which it is reasonably possible for me to comply) the same right of control over my property in my book in a foreign country which the law gives me in my own country." This is precisely what American publishers propose to do. On complying with certain conditions, Mr. Collins, should the American propositions become law, could control his literary property in this country precisely as he does in his own. But, not satisfied with this, he claims the right to make this country a free market for books manufactured in England. This is confounding authors' rights with trade interests; and to this American publishers naturally and rightly demur. The terms they offer are reciprocally fair and advantageous. They propose to treat directly with foreign authors, and to secure for them the same protection which is now accorded to native authors, on certain conditions, "with which it is reasonably possible" for them to comply. But the British publisher, who, to use Mr. Collins's own words, applied to the American publisher, "has actually persuaded himself that his individual trade interests form an integral part of the question of International Copyright," demands admission for his manufactured wares on the same basis. Mr. Collins asserts that British publishers "have no idea of intruding their trade interests into a great question of national justice." But this is precisely what they are doing. Were their opposition withdrawn, the way for International Copyright would be clear. It is their dog-in-the-manger attitude that keeps British authors from enjoying the full benefits of American copyright.

Mr. Collins writes like a man with a grievance. "I have lost," he says, "some thousands of pounds by American pirates." Let us look into this. Since Mr. Collins became known as an author he has received from Harper & Brothers (as their books show) over thirty thousand dollars for advance sheets and in royalties. This does not include the payments for *Armadale*, which was purchased from the proprietors of *Cornhill*. But, says Mr. Collins, there were unauthorized cheap editions, for which I never received a cent. Well, if the publishers of these cheap unauthorized editions had been obliged to pay him a royalty, they would not have gone into the business; so that Mr. Collins after all laments an imaginary loss. The American publishers propose a practical remedy for all his real or supposed wrongs. Let him join hands with his American friends, and let British publishers keep their trade interests out of the question, and Mr. Collins may soon have abundant reason to congratulate himself on the establishment of the "thing called International Copyright."

THE CANNON AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Judge Tompkins Westervelt, of Richmond County, New York, sends us an interesting note suggested by Mr. Eugene Lawrence's recent article, "A Night in New York: 1775," describing the exploit of Hamilton and his friends in taking the British guns from the Battery. Mr. Lawrence says that the young men buried the guns in the green of Columbia, then King's, College, where they remained in safety until the end of the war, when they were set up before the gate of the college. Judge Westervelt supplements the story as follows:

"In some way the place of concealment of the guns, which, during the Revolutionary war, and the occupation of New York by the British, was of course kept secret, escaped memory or notice by those cognizant of it after the war was over, and was not discovered until the year 1845 or 1846. I was at that time a student in Columbia College, and have personal knowledge of the facts.

"At the time mentioned—I am not sure about the year, but as my college term was 1843 to 1847, it was during those years—the college leased to Mr. John Stevens a lot on the corner of College Place and Murray Street—not Warren Street—and he proceeded to build there a very fine house. In digging the cellar the guns were unearthed, and soon discovered to be the British guns buried there about seventy years before. The college boys dragged them in triumph through Murray and Church streets to the gate of the campus on Church Street, opposite the end of Park Place, which then extended only to Church Street, and there they were set up. I believe they were taken to the present college site when the old building was abandoned and the street cut through the campus."

BRET HARTE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.

There has been some unfavorable comment upon Mr. Bret Harte's speech at the Royal Academy dinner in London, and it was undoubtedly unfortunate. But the original misfortune is requiring men who are not speakers to speak. Public speaking, and especially "after-dinner oratory," is no more to be expected of every man than neat painting or good singing. Mr. Harte is not an orator, and would much prefer to say nothing in public, and it is a pity that if the Royal Academy wished to honor American literature in his person, it should not have done so without compelling him to make a speech. It is, however, inevitable, and Mr. Harte was forced to do what even the shy and shrinking Hawthorne could not escape.

If he must make a speech, however, it is a pity that, speaking as an American author in England, Mr. Harte should not have recalled Sydney Smith's question, "Who reads an American book?" and have gracefully and pleasantly turned the tables upon the table at which he was sitting. It was hardly a graceful turn, however, to say that he comes from a country which reads more English books and pays less for them than any other country, and which has four readers of Tennyson to one of Longfellow. That may be all true. But it was not the time or the place, and he, especially, was not the man, to say it. Even an excess of patriotism is forgiven to a man in a foreign country, and, upon the very topic that he chose to touch, the actual situation offered Mr. Harte an excellent opportunity to show our friendly literary disposition. For it is the American publishing interest which has proposed a principle of common understanding which the authors of the very English books that we read so cheaply have warmly acknowledged and approved.

As Mr. Harte is known as a humorist, it was also hardly gracious to assume that what is called "American humor" exhausts our literature. Hawthorne and Emerson, Motley and Bancroft, Bryant and Longfellow, are considerable names in American literature, but none of them could be distinctively described as humorists, although Mr. Charles G. Browne may be. But, as we began by saying, Mr. Harte was in a false position as a dinner orator; and although Truthful James would wish, of course, to have nothing but the truth spoken of him, we shall all remember gratefully the good "Luck of Roaring Camp," and not the ill luck of the Royal Academy.

SAVING NIAGARA.

Niagara is not for New York, but for the world, and it is not surprising that the recent special report of the Commissioners of the State Survey in regard to the proper preservation of the neighborhood of the cataract should have excited universal interest and attention. Lord Dufferin, before leaving Canada, suggested that the United States and the Dominion of Canada should secure and hold the land adjacent to Niagara; and Governor Robinson, although a disciple of the school of the most limited function of government, appealed to the Legislature of 1879 to see what could be properly done by the State for the rescue of Niagara from degrading and ridiculous associations.

The Legislature directed the Commissioners of the State Survey to consider the subject, and they, with great alacrity, instructed Mr. James T. Gardner, Director of the State Survey, to examine the land in question, and report upon proper action to be taken, and they associated with him Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. Meanwhile a petition, signed by most eminent names both in England and America, urging legislative action, has been presented to the Governor of New York and to the Governor-General of Canada, and comprehensive and admirable reports by the Commissioners and by the Director, with notes by Mr. Olmsted, have been prepared, and submitted to the Legislature, and the Legislature of Ontario has already taken preliminary action.

The proposed plan is briefly the reservation of a strip of land upon both sides of the river and cataract, with the possession of Goat Island and the other islands; the removal of all unsightly buildings and objects; and the proper planting of trees, so as to seclude the Rapids and the Falls, and to make a rural park along the banks. Both the æsthetic and the economical arguments are clearly and forcibly stated in the reports. As a unique spectacle of sublimity and beauty, the great natural object of universal renown in the country, the security of its free enjoyment is a plain duty, and for every consideration. It is, however, rapidly losing its character and charm by mean and unfitting objects surrounding it, and these doubtless will be multiplied and increased, until it will be overlaid like the precious picture of a saint by the likeness of a harlequin. To prevent this desecration and this signal disgrace of the State, and to preserve the mingled grandeur and the loveliness of Niagara unimpaired, is the object of the Commissioners, and the favorable action of the State will be most heartily sustained and approved.

ABOUT THE PRESS.

A correspondent asks whether it is not true that the first duty of a great journal is faithfully to reflect the existing state of public opinion. That is undoubtedly a very necessary part of the function of a newspaper. It must hold the mirror up to nature, and to do that it must reflect the condition of public opinion. But that is only a part of its function. We should say that the first duty of a great journal editorially is to mould public opinion, not merely to echo it. The press is an educator, not merely by showing what it supposes people generally to think upon a great public question, but also by presenting the reasons why one opinion rather than another is sound and wise and patriotic.

That is the only way in which the independence of the press can be preserved. It is true that in a certain sense what is called leading is only sagacious following. A shrewd man sees the drift of public opinion, and merely anticipates it. But it is a part of this very shrewdness that it justly estimates the popular force of certain principles, and therefore perceives that the apparent current is not the real channel. Besides, to reflect existing opinion faithfully is merely to guess, and the value of guessing depends upon the sagacity of the guesser.

The independence of a great journal consists in giving the news "uncooked," so that every reader can judge of its significance for himself, and then in such comments as the journal thinks the public welfare to demand. If it is subject to a party control, or subordinates its views to what it supposes to be the views of the majority of its readers, it is equally far from independent. Of course if it has no views, and is anxious to repeat only what is generally said, it is not a great journal in the sense of an independent power in public affairs, and it must guess as well as it can. If a journal discusses public questions, although it may try to say only what it thinks is the general opinion, it will inevitably promote and strengthen that opinion, and so cease merely to reflect it. A paper can reflect public opinion only by publishing news, and not editorials. An editor's statement of his guess is not public opinion, it is merely his assertion of what he believes it to be.

PERSONAL.

Lady Sebright, whose English residence was a favorite resort for fashionable lovers of high play, is said to be wandering in the Syrian deserts around the ruins of Palmyra, far from the Court of Queen's Bench and the extraordinary intricacies of the Lambri-Labouchere case. Labouchere's enemies say the cause of his attack upon Lambri proceeded from a loss of temper consequent on a loss of money at her ladyship's house.

—Apropos of the foregoing, our readers will be interested in the following portion of the published testimony of Lambri, who sued Mr. Labouchere, of *Truth*, for a libel, and who lost his suit: "I met Mr. Labouchere at Lady Sebright's. I remained there until seven o'clock in the morning. I lost money there at play, £1000, which I paid to Lady Sebright in French bank-notes. I paid the money two or three days after. I lost £500 on the first evening, and £500 the next evening. The ladies and another gentleman left at seven o'clock. Mr. Labouchere remained with Lady Sebright. Her ladyship applied to me for the money by letter. Two other ladies played; one was Mrs. Labouchere, who was introduced to me."

—A cable dispatch to the New York *Herald* says that Carlyle is reported to be rapidly failing. He can not now hold a cup without spilling its contents. The venerable philosopher is resigned at the prospect of death, fearing to survive his intellectual faculties.

—George Eliot's marriage, which, after sundry denials and counter-denials, seems to be an established fact, continues to excite comment in England. The bridegroom, John Walter Cross, is considerably younger than the gifted woman whom he has taken to wife.

—The Hon. Othniel S. Williams, for thirty years past treasurer of Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York, died at that place on the 20th of May. He was a man of great ability and local importance.

—A writer in the Boston *Traveller* thus describes the way in which Aldrich composed *Majorie Daw*, one of the best of his stories: "It was written at Elmwood, the residence of Mr. Lowell. At one end of the study was a writing-desk, and at the other a chair, with writing-table attached; Mr. Aldrich wrote the story sitting alternately in these two places. Only in this way, he says, was it possible to keep the character and style of the letters so sharply distinct. Mr. Aldrich pays great attention to the finish of his writings. Every story is practically written three times. First a rough draft is made, then each chapter is worked out separately, and finally, after careful correction, the manuscript is written off for the press. This method of composition is identical with that pursued by the French novelist Alphonse Daudet."

—It is understood that the vice-regal party, accompanied by Prince Leopold, will visit Ottawa in June, before leaving on their fishing expedition.

—Baron Gustav Heine, the poet's brother, sends a letter to the Vienna *Fremden-Blatt* declaring that the poet's grave-stone on the Paris Montmartre was selected and paid for by Mathilde Heine, the poet's widow, who would not allow others to provide a monument. The poet's memoirs are in the hands of the same brother, and, at the special request of their mother, will "never" be published.

—A distinguished Austrian painter recently exhibited at the Künstlerhaus in Vienna a historical picture in which was seen a very fine head of an old man. Shortly afterward a mysterious personage called on the artist, and desired to know the name and address of the model who had served him for that splendidly executed head. After some explanation the painter gave the desired information, and the police forthwith proceeded to the lodging of this strikingly handsome old man. In his portrait the detective had recognized a dangerous criminal who had some time before escaped from prison.

—Mr. Archibald Forbes, the well-known war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, proposes visiting this country in September, and intends to give here a new lecture, entitled "Royal People I have Met." He has met a good many such people in circumstances which are historical.

—Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in a letter to an English friend, asserts that Cardinal Bonaparte is incontrovertibly the sole and real chief of the Bonaparte family, in the ordinary sense of this word. Prince Napoleon Jérome, and after him his two sons, thanks to Napoleon III., and according to the Constitution of the Second Empire, was undoubtedly the immediate heir of the Emperor, and after his death, and before his adhesion to the new rule, the chief of the imperial dynasty. This fact, however, can by no means entitle him to the qualification of chief of the Bonaparte family. "The Cardinal," he says, "is the only chief of my family, and all its other members can only succeed to him in this qualification in the following and no other order: 1, Napoleon, commonly called Napoleon Charles, brother of the Cardinal; 2, Louis Lucien, the eldest living son of Lucien, brother of Napoleon I.; 3, Pierre Napoleon, his youngest brother; 4, Jerome, eldest son of Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon I.; 5, Jerome, his son; 6, Charles, uncle of the last; 7, Napoleon Jerome, the only living son of the first Jerome; 8, Victor, his eldest son; 9, Louis, his youngest son." The Bonapartes marked 4, 5, and 6 have been recognized as such by Napoleon III.

—M. Renan has delivered in St. George's Hall, London, four lectures "On the Influence of Rome on the Development of the Christian Religion." The attendance was very numerous, partly, no doubt, because the lecture being delivered under the terms of the Hibbert bequest, there was nothing to pay; principally because the lecturer is known to be one of the most learned men, one of the most acute thinkers, and one of the most brilliant writers of modern France.

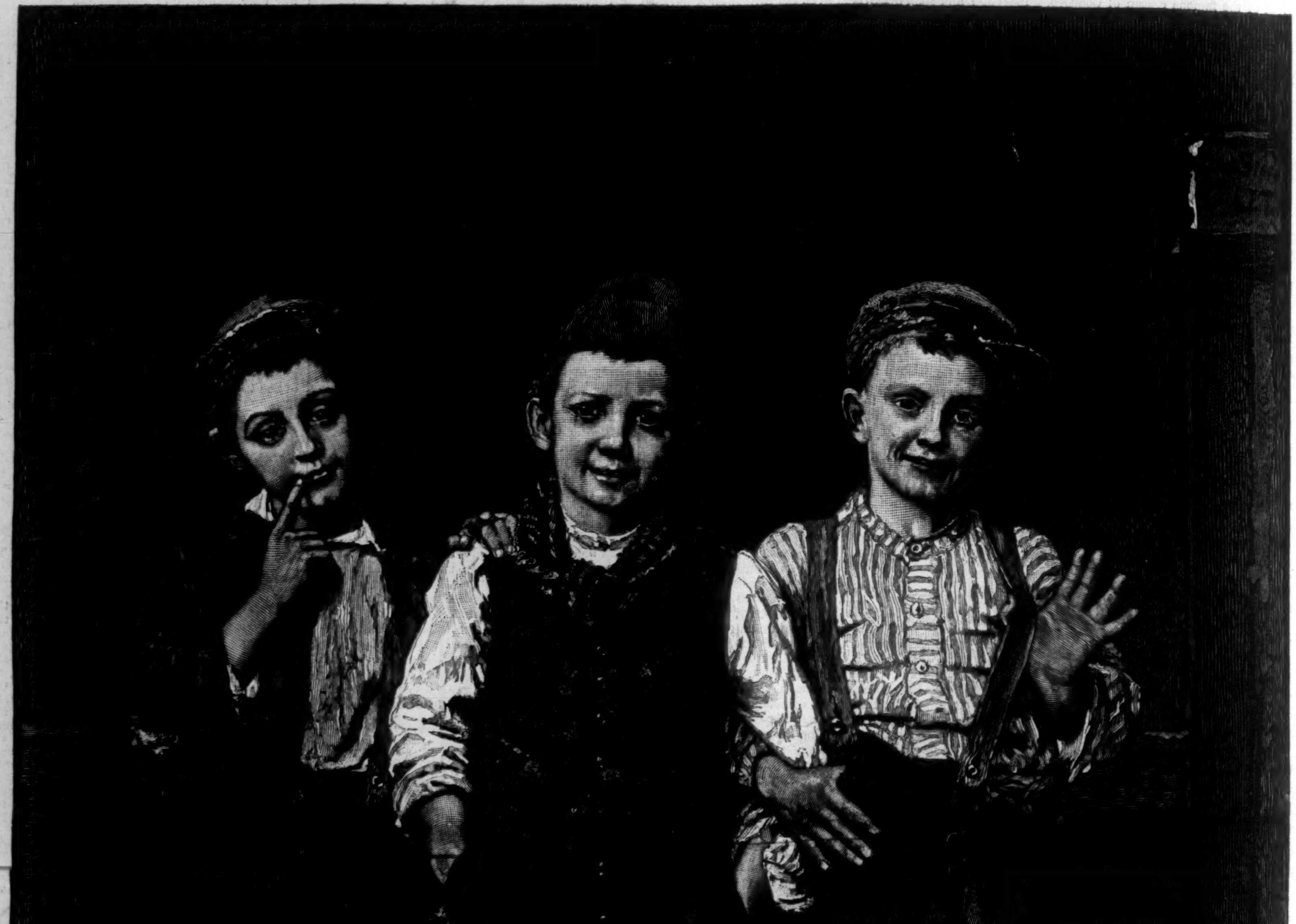
—Mr. Whymper, who was, we believe, the first climber to overcome the difficulties of the Matterhorn, writes from Quito that he has "polished off" Chimborazo, Chorazon, Sincholagua, and Antisana, and that he has passed twenty-six consecutive hours at the top of Cotopaxi, at least 19,500 feet above the level of the sea. Of these ascents, Antisana, says Mr. Whymper, is the most difficult, and "few more difficult ascents have ever been made." He has become accustomed, he declares, to the rarefaction of the air at 19,000 feet, and can be quite gay and lively in it. At first he was utterly prostrated by it, but habit has changed all that. It is suggested that Alpine climbers might *prepare* themselves for exertion in rarefied air by spending an hour or two from time to time in a partially exhausted receiver.

—The Emperor of Japan is a slender man, of medium height, with an olive complexion, small hands and feet, [illegible] of piercing brilliancy. He is the representative of the party of progress and civilization, and is a person of strong and determined character.

—Mr. Tennyson has consented to be nominated to the position of Lord Rector of Glasgow University only on condition that he is not to be considered a candidate of either political party, and that, if elected, he is not to be expected to appear in Glasgow for installation. Some years ago he refused to be nominated by the Liberals; now he has refused to be nominated by the Conservatives, as a party candidate. He thus takes his stand on purely literary grounds, though it is understood that his supporters, both Conservatives and Liberals, call him a "constitutionalist."

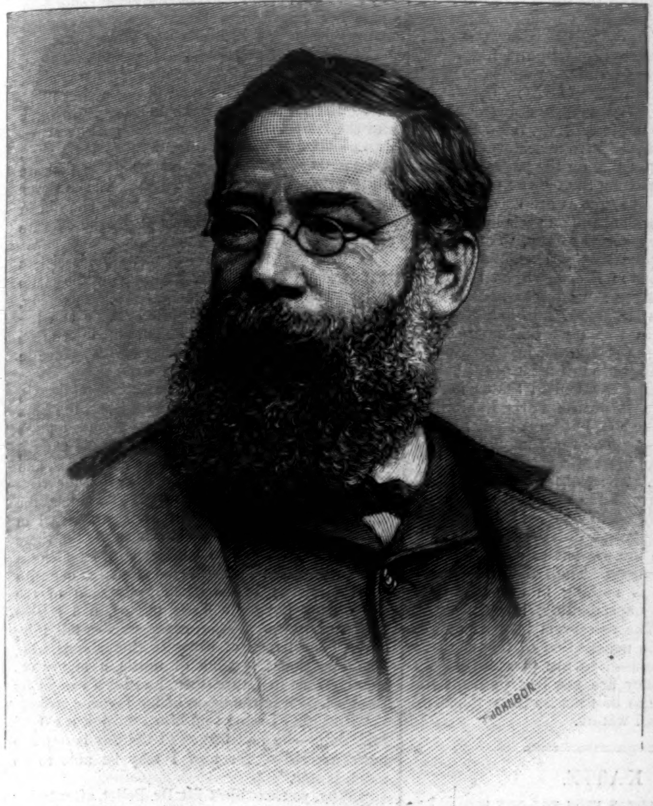
—Mr. Whistler, our American artist, who by his wit as well as his pen has won much fame in London, went recently into a London hat store to get his hat blocked. While waiting he took a chair by the corner of the counter—of course without his hat—and looked very much at home. While the clerk was still absent at the other end of the shop, a well-known social notability, who prided himself on the perfection of his costume, entered, and taking Whistler for the hatter, at once addressed him, testily, "I say, this hat you sold me the other day won't do. You must take it back. It's too tight; it's too small; it doesn't fit me well in any way." Whistler, looking up at him very carefully through his eyeglass, here replied, "As for that, no more does your coat!" The angry swell not merely subsided—he was demolished.

—The *Whitehall Review* says of the Duke of Hamilton: "No man for years past has left a reputation for greater eccentricity at Oxford than his Grace. The following anecdote, however, will prove that the frolics were none of them malicious, but merely the results of the hot blood of youth. One evening the duke went to Standen's and bought the best hat he could find. Ornamented with this brand-new head-covering, he lounged into a grocer's shop at St. Aldate's, and quietly remarked to the astonished assistant, 'I want some treacle—about a big jugful—and I will take it with me.' The man, recognizing his customer, and remembering the well-known eccentricity of the duke, contented himself with asking, 'Does your Grace want it in a pitcher?' 'No,' replied the duke, carelessly; 'I don't care to be seen walking about with a pitcher; put it in my hat;' and with this he laid his new purchase on the counter. The man gravely filled the Lincoln & Bennet with treacle, and when it was nearly brimful, the duke told him to stop. 'How much do I owe you?' inquired the premier duke of Scotland. The man mentioned the price; the duke threw a five-pound note on the table, and as the shop-man was stooping over the drawer looking for change, clapped the hat, treacle and all, on the man's head, and left the shop with his boon companions, who all heartily enjoyed the joke, and thought the man well paid for his discomfiture and temporary annoyance by the present of a new hat, only partially damaged, and a fiver. If the shop-keepers of Oxford are to-day as they were then, I think many would willingly undergo a similar ordeal for the sake of a like reward."

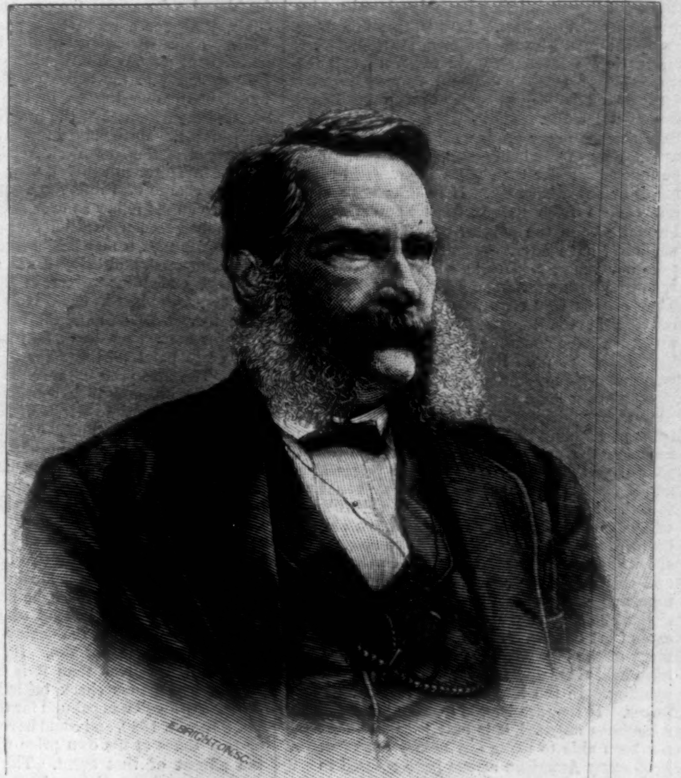


"THE THREE (SCAPE-) GRACES."
Engraved by Smithwick and French from a Picture by J. G. Brown.

Exhibited in the American Art Gallery, New York.



JOHN G. BROWN.—Photographed by Rockwood.


E. BRIGHTON SC.

GENERAL LONGSTREET, MINISTER TO TURKEY.
Photographed by W. W. Washburne.—[See Page 375.]

JOHN G. BROWN.

I.

Asked once for the history of his picture of the "Three (Scape-) Graces," which in every respect is a characteristic example of his work, Mr. J. G. **Brown** said: "The subject suggested itself to me as one entirely opposite to the Three Graces of tradition and the popular fancy, and I thought I would paint it. So I watched my opportunity for the boys—boys that would be as different as possible from the Three Graces—as directly antipodal as I could find. Broadway is my field; in Broadway, especially around the Fifth Avenue and St. James hotels, are fine specimens of street Arabs selling the evening newspapers, and making a cent on every two-cent copy. When I see a boy I know, but not the boy I want for the specific purpose in hand, I get him to bring the one I desire. He will fetch half a dozen of them to my studio, I selecting there the one or ones that are the most distinct types. Then, when the rest have gone, I begin to pose the models, getting them to act the part allotted to them as well as they know how; and if the artist can't act the part for them, they will never do it. If the model could be caught in the act of doing unconsciously what you want him to do, that, of course, would be just right and the best; but you are not apt to catch him at it in your studio, and where nature fails, art must step in and make up the deficiency. Of course it is hard for an untrained street Arab to take a pose and hold it. If I am painting a shirt sleeve, he must not move till I have finished it, under penalty of being scolded; for he can not retake a position exactly—the folds of the sleeve would be in different places the next time. If I begin to paint an arm, I finish it before the model rests. The heads in this picture were painted directly from the models, each head from the model at one sitting. It is no help to me to have another sitting if I have succeeded moderately well the first time. If I have not so succeeded, I rub it out, and begin over again. So with respect to the draperies; when they are once painted, I don't touch them in again, unless they are failures. But the difficulty with a *gamin* is to get him to give you the expression you want. He can't laugh, for instance, unless you give him something to laugh at. He won't keep a smile on his face for more than a few seconds, after which it becomes a grimace, and you must stop work until you can make him smile again—until you can do something ridiculous that will produce a laugh in a child. This process must be repeated many times, for to paint a smile is one of the difficulties of figure-painting—a successful smile, I mean; a smile that will make the spectator smile. For the 'Three (Scape-) Graces' I required three or four sittings from each boy. When I first started the picture, I had the three boys together, and sketched them in on the canvas with charcoal. Afterward, when painting the parts where the boys touch each other, I had them together again: for example, where their arms lock, or where there is any other point of contact."

II.

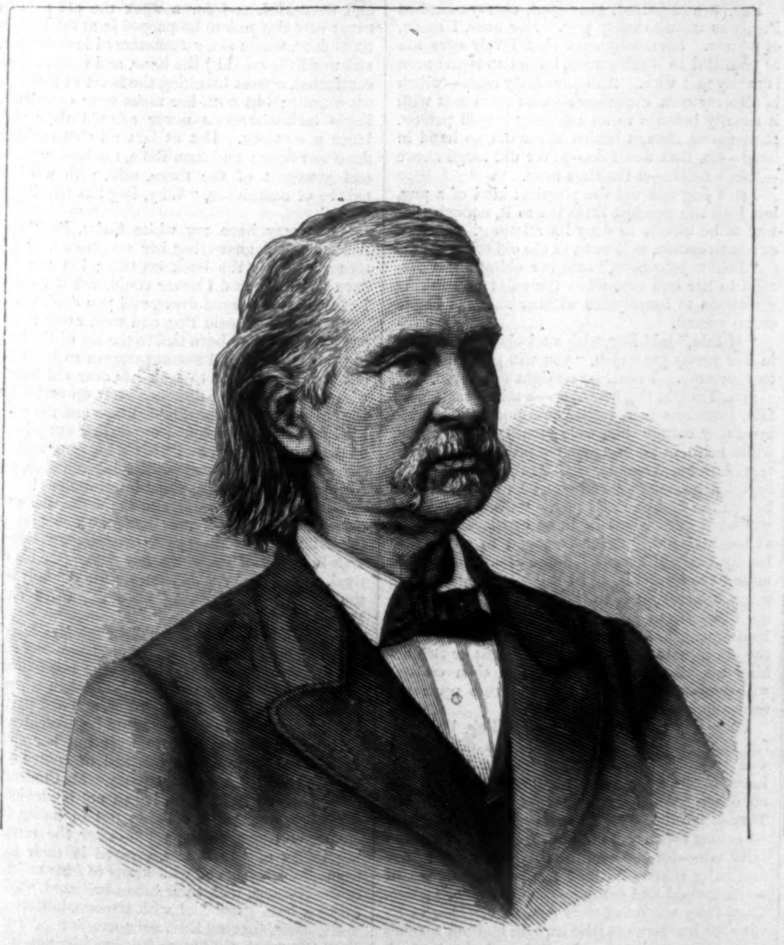
"My point is this, that a man's system of education must be wrong when, while painting an American boy, he gives you a Munich or a Paris boy—when he does not represent the boy that you see on our streets. Many young painters, after a course of study abroad, reproduce the atmosphere of the ateliers where they have studied, whenever they attempt to represent our American landscapes or our American people. I can't understand this. I can't understand why their so-called American scenes do not look American. In drawing a tree, for instance, they use those peculiar conventional curves for branches and twigs that are characteristic of trees painted in Germany, whereas **Durand**, W. T. **Richards**, **McEntee**, or **Whittredge** paints trees that we recognize at once as trees that we have seen in this country—trees that we know where to find and where they were found. But these foreign-bred young artists don't get our trees when they go out to paint them; don't get scores of characteristic features that every one who has studied American trees knows that American trees possess. Why is this? Do you understand it? All these men I consider to be excellent technicians—full of talent, having great command of brush. The fault I find is that they do not keep up the promise of the works which they sent over to us from Europe, or which they brought over with them on their return. I don't mean to be unkind, or savage, or unappreciative, but I think that if the same men had gone to work here, and kept as steadily at work here as they did in Europe, they would do better work now. We are all disappointed in the work they have done since their return. With few exceptions, this disappointment is universal. I know one or two of these painters who are exceptions, but only one or two, and these have been really industrious since they came back. The rest have not been doing very much, or we should have heard from them at the regular exhibitions, where they are welcome."

III.

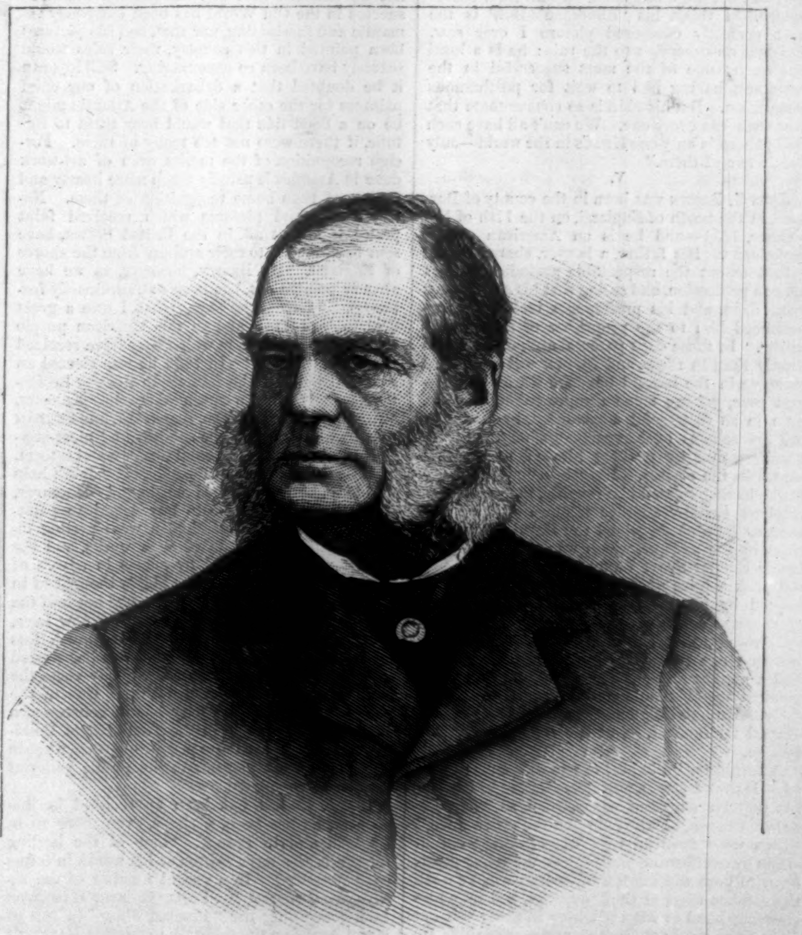
"They are not refused at the National Academy. They have complained of illiberality, but they are the ones who are illiberal. The Society of American Artists is the most illiberal organization in this country. Ever since these young men came back from Europe, and even while they were in Europe, their pictures have received as good places in the Academy exhibitions as the pictures of the Academicians themselves—sometimes better places. The National Academy of Design is the most liberal institution in the country. But the American public demand finished work from American artists; they accept unfinished work only from foreign artists of established reputations, and when this work is in accordance with these artists' respective styles. The critics spoke in praise of my sketches when the latter were on exhibition, but I have yet to receive a commission to paint a picture from one of those sketches. This proves to me that Americans want finished work; and I am glad that they do, for it is much easier to make a sketch than to complete it. To begin to complete is where the trouble begins. I have so much faith in American talent that I believe that the greatest talent among our young men to-day is with those who have never been abroad. And I can bear this statement out by taking you to the exhibitions."

"Then you think that young American painters should not study in Europe?"

"No," replied Mr. **Brown**, "not that; but I think that they



THE HON. HORACE MAYNARD, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Photographed by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 375.]



THE HON. CHARLES J. FOLGER, CHIEF JUSTICE, COURT OF APPEALS.
Photographed by Notman.—[See Page 375.]

ought not to go until they have developed an individuality of their own. As it is, they talk more about the man who taught them than about nature. Now a teacher should teach a pupil the principles of art—to see and reverence God's works—and not his own style of painting. That's the point I make. That's what he ought to do. In that case every pupil would paint according to the bent of his inclination, and his art would be much healthier than when impressed by Madrazo or any other man. If he does not receive impressions from nature, what impression can he make upon the public? My idea is that if we didn't have any Academies at all, but could take our young men right out doors, the result would be better. A man laboring over the antique all his best days is as badly off as when copying in the Louvre. The New York Munich men have done us good, undoubtedly: they have stirred us up. He is a very poor artist who, when seeing good work that is different from his own, does not learn something from it. The dealers, too, have done good in bringing over fine pictures and selling them at high prices. They familiarize the people with high prices, so that if we do good work, we can get high prices also; and if we don't do good work, why, we ought not to sell. I hope to see the time when the dealers will have the matter of selling pictures entirely in their hands. It is getting to be so now. They are willing to take all works that are salable; and this keeps the artists from losing valuable time, and enables them to prosecute their profession without interruption. I am a strong advocate of art dealers. I think they have made very many of the big men abroad. At any rate, they have held them up so that these men could go on painting. In the long-run they raise an artist's prices. If they are hostile to American art, as is sometimes asserted, it is only because they have not been able to make any money out of it. A good many American artists have refused to sell to dealers. But show a dealer that he can make a fair percentage on the sale of a picture, and I don't know one who won't take it—with one or two exceptions. The dealers have made American art unfashionable because they could not make any money out of it. But it should be so that they can make something out of it. I think we are in a fair way to make it so at the present time."

IV.

"A man who paints the scenes that I do is sometimes called commonplace, because his subjects are local and contemporaneous. Hayden had exactly the same idea in his day; he laughed at Wilkie's art, and for the same reason. But the difference in the success of the two to-day is so conspicuous that you don't need even to speak of it. 'There is nothing classic in Wilkie,' thought Hayden; yet to-day Wilkie's subjects are history, the costumes, the customs, the furniture of the Scottish peasantry—all truly represented, and all picturesque. To-day the material around our American painters is just as beautiful and just as picturesque—if there is a Wilkie to use it. The lack is simply the artist to avail himself of it. Yet Wilkie sold his 'Blind Fiddler' for only £15; it was a local and contemporaneous subject; it was a direct impression from the nature that was about him. 'Cahpital practice,' he exclaimed to Hayden, when the latter saw him painting his own hands from the looking-glass. But when Wilkie, in later life, ceased to get his inspiration from nature, and went to other men's pictures for it, his works were failures, and are now forgotten—a universal consequehce. I think his 'Blindman's-Buff' is the most perfectly composed picture I ever saw. Knaus is an exception to the rule: he is a local painter, yet one of the most successful in the world, not having had to wait for posthumous recognition. But his skill is so consummate that it overwhelms every one. We can't all have such skill; there is only one Knaus in the world—only one or two of them."

V.

John G. Brown was born in the county of Durham, in the north of England, on the 11th of November, 1831—and he is an American of the Americans. His father, a lawyer, shared to the fullest extent the respectable prejudice against art as a profession, and seeing that his son's tastes were fixed, and his preferences inalienable, apprenticed him to the proprietor of some glass-works. In those days parental authority sat less lightly than in these, and Brown was compelled to serve in the hateful bondage till his twenty-first year, getting some compensation, however, even in so distressful a condition, by attending the art schools of Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the evenings, and by pushing himself to the first places in the classes. His "boss" at the glass-works having treated him roughly, the young man received thereby another impulse artward; he went to Edinburgh, joined the Royal Academy's class in the antique, which was taught by Professor Robert Scott Lander, and the same season took a prize of £3. The professor was attracted by his brilliant young pupil from the glass-works, and was minded to take him into his studio—an offer that almost dazed the youth, but that could not be accepted, because Brown had a mother and some brothers and sisters dependent upon him, and claiming much of his time daily. He left Edinburgh, went to London, and started for himself. But the region was inhospitable.

A turning-point in his life was soon to be reached. Harry Russell was then singing in London his popular emigrant songs, such as "Far, far across the sea," and "A life on the ocean wave," which were received with extraordinary enthusiasm by overflowing houses. To the young painter, who bore the burden of many cares beneath the sombre skies of the foggy city, and found no cheering hand to lift or lighten it, these buoyant glees came most opportunely and serviceably. He asked himself if there might not be a fortune for him also far across the sea, and almost without waiting for a reply, took passage for New York. Nobody welcomed him on his arrival, and he knew of nobody who would buy his pictures. He proceeded to the Brooklyn glass-works, and found occupation there. In two years he had married the daughter of the proprietor of the establishment. Meanwhile a regular attendance at the school of the New York Academy of Design—then in Thirteenth Street, near Broadway, under the charge of Professor Thomas Cummings, "as nice an old fellow as ever lived"—had given him an increased preparation for artist life. Professor Cummings, it may be observed, still lives, at a ripe, honored, and beloved old age. Brown's marriage ended his career in the glass-works. Thenceforward he was exclusively a painter. At the corner of Atlantic and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, over the savings-bank, he took a studio, and began "to paint portraits for anything I could get." The first year the receipts were precisely nothing at all, and they continued so until he painted to order the portrait of Mr. John L. Gilliland—"God bless him!" exclaims Mr. Brown at the mention of his name—and exhibited it in the window of the store of Mr. Kidder, a frame-maker in Atlantic Street, where it immediately attracted attention, elicited praise, and became the forerunner of several orders. From that time to this Mr. Brown has always had buyers enough to keep his studio well emptied of pictures. To-day it contains not a single finished canvas. Hard times, dull times, bad times, he knows nothing of except by hearsay. Instead of going after the dealers for assistance, the dealers are going after him for the same purpose. He has no sooner completed a canvas than it is in other hands, leaving a generous check behind. His "Three (Scape-) Graces" was painted for the Artists' Fund Exhibition of 1880, and could have been sold three or four times at his own price while waiting for the advent of that event. The panic of 1857 swept across the studios; nobody wanted portraits any more. Brown took the animal by the horns, and soon was selling his groups of little children for $30, $20, and $15, which Mr. S. P. Avery, then living on Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, was among the first to buy, and on the strength of which he one evening invited Brown to his house to meet the artists of New York. The invitation was accepted, and the relations thus begun with his brothers of the profession have continued ever since with increasing cordiality.

VI.

George H. Boughton was going to Europe in June, 1860, for a few months' study, and Brown arranged to take his studio in the Tenth Street Building, New York city, until his return. Boughton has not come back yet, and Brown is still holding the fort that he began to hold twenty years ago. The fact is that Boughton, while on the way home from France, where he had been studying, was detained in London by orders for pictures. When these orders were filled others came, and he has not had spare time enough to go to the shipping office and engage his passage. The appreciation which American painters sometimes fail to find in New York has in more cases than one been lavished upon them in London, and Mr. Brown is of the opinion that at least several of our brilliant New York artists—men like McEntee and Whittredge and Winslow Homer—would live to much greater profit were they on the other side of the water, garnering even great abundance of fame and money. It certainly can not be doubted that Mr. Boughton's luminous success in the Old World has been extremely romantic and fascinating, nor that, had his pictures been painted in this country, their sales would scarcely have been so encouraging. Still less can it be doubted that a debarkation of our chief painters for the other side of the Atlantic might be on a flood tide that would bear them to fortune, if there were not too many of them. Foreign recognition of the merits even of art-work done in America is usually much more hearty and prolonged than home recognition of them. Native books and pictures which received faint praise, if any at all, in the United States, have sent back laurels to their authors from the shores of England. Mr. Brown, however, as we have already pointed out, has been extraordinarily fortunate. "I feel," he says, "that I owe a great deal to New York and to the American people for the kind manner in which they have received what I have done." In 1863 he was elected an Academician, and the fellowship thereby instituted has had for him a continual charm. Kensett, William Hart, Casilear, Bierstadt, and Suydam bought his pictures—the solidest and most sterling of all tokens of fraternal professional esteem. "These artists," he once exclaimed, "didn't help me along, but they pushed me along." Moreover, it was then fashionable to buy American paintings. Hundreds of gentlemen were getting together little collections of such works, and the studios were frequented by guests in search of pictures. American art was highly thought of in those days, and American artists had not half the trouble in making a living that they now have, though their productions were very much less meritorious artistically. But all this has passed away like a pleasant dream. Nobody visits the studios nowadays but the dealers. One of the principal artists in this city has in consequence abandoned his studio in the Tenth Street Building, and disappeared into private quarters, whence he will send his pictures to the public galleries as soon as completed.

If Mr. Brown has been appreciated in this country, he has been, perhaps, even more so in England and in France. Some of the leading foreign critics have written of his works in terms most flattering. In a recent number of the *International Review*, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton said, concerning the "Passing Show" (a row of street Arabs on the sidewalk looking at Barnum's menagerie, which is supposed to be going along Broadway), which was in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, "Every human being, of whatever nation, who came before these laughing boys of Mr. Brown, laughed heartily himself, and forgot for a moment both the cares and the vanities of life." More explicit was M. Cherbuliez, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "Let us also single out," he wrote, "a little masterpiece of Mr. Brown's, called the 'Passing Show.' Five mischievous street urchins, arranged in a line on the pavement, and very ragged, are watching the clowns pass by on horseback. These five figures are excellent, full of life and of expression, and on their lips is that Yankee laugh which seems to say, 'You amuse me, but don't suppose that you astonish me.'" Once more, the London *Athenæum*, on the 18th of May, 1878, observed: "Another instance of an opposite kind is Mr. Brown's little picture of five street Arabs, in which we find no hint of foreign imitation [the *Athenæum* had been complaining that the inspiration of most of the paintings that represented the United States in the Fine Arts Department of the Paris Exhibition was not native to the soil, but an echo of French or German masters]. The work may be said to be in many respects inartistic, yet the imps look full of life and fun. The painter has set himself to portray a bit of genuine nature in a careful, natural manner, and he has succeeded in calling forth corresponding sympathies in the spectator." This painting is in the present exhibition of the London Royal Academy. The London *Times* asserts that "there is nothing in the exhibition better than this unpretending, inconspicuous, cabinet picture. The painter is little, if at all, inferior to Knaus in penetration of boy nature." These words in themselves are pleasant for an artist to hear. They are not less pleasant for having been borne to him across three thousand miles of unfathomed waters.

KATIE.

[THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN FROM THE CITY SPEAKS.]

Sweet Katie, standing by the gate,
With downcast eyes and blushes warm;
The very spirit of the spring
Is all embodied in your form.
You tender blossom of a girl,
With sunshine captive in your hair,
Did Nature lavish all her wealth
To make you young and pure and fair?

I fancy you in satin sheen;
I fancy you in marble halls:
The proper cage for such a bird
Has velvet hangings on its walls.
I fancy that your heart is mine,
And mine each golden, silky tress;
And that in mine your hand will lie,
And answer every soft caress.

But stop! who's coming up the hill?
A bumpkin on his homeward way.
He drives the plough in yonder field,
And feeds his pigs at close of day.
What is that light in Katie's eyes?
What has my fancy been about?
The dainty lips I dreamed were mine
Are tendered to a country lout!

PEG'S PUG.

The father was almost straight-nosed, and the baby was undecided, but all the rest of the family (with the exception of Peg), consisting of the mother and three elder daughters, were aquiline.

Peg, brown-haired, gray-eyed, cherry-mouthed Peg, was unmistakably pug. Her nose, I mean, of course. Somebody says that lovely eyes are as plentiful as blackberries, but a handsome nose is rarely met with. And somebody adds—which is also my own experience—that *when* met with it usually belongs to an intensely stupid person. It seems as though brains never did go hand in hand—no, that won't do—never did lodge above—that's better—a faultless nose.

Peg's pug was not the puggiest kind of a pug, but with the sauciest little tilt to it, enough that way to be unable to deny its relations. A third or fourth cousin, as it were, of the old original pug.

"Follow your nose," said her oldest sister Aurelia to her one day, when the child was asking directions to some place whither she was bound on an errand.

"If I do," said Peg, with a mischievous twinkle in her pretty gray eyes, "you will get no answer to your note. I shall go straight to heaven."

Mrs. Thrush, Peg's mother—a tall woman, with fair, lustreless hair, rather prominent light blue eyes, rosy complexion, wide mouth, and gleaming white teeth, in all of which particulars her daughters Aurelia, Amanda, and Arabella closely resembled her—had never ceased to bemoan and bewail the fact of Peg's pug. "*That* nose," she was wont to say, looking in an aggrieved manner at her husband, "never belonged to any of *my* family, Captain Thrush. Some of *your* ancestors must have owned it, and I think they might have much better kept it to themselves instead of bequeathing it to an unfortunate child of mine." During which remarks, and others of like nature, the old captain would retire a moment or two behind his newspaper or book, and then emerge with smiling face to bestow a caress upon the brown-haired little girl at his side.

Poor Peg (I needn't say *poor* Peg, however, for she had the happiest, sunniest disposition, and sweetest nature, and brightest face in all Laureltown), on account of her nose—I can see no other reason—became the Cinderella of the Thrush family. Not that she sat totally neglected among the ashes, like the Cinderella of the old fairy tale—for she was the darling of her father and baby sister—but she fulfilled the duties of waiting-maid and seamstress to her elder sisters, thankfully accepting their cast-off clothing in return for her services (the captain had but a small income for so large a family), and she took almost entire charge of the youngest, who had made her appearance in the most unexpected manner when Miss Aurelia was twenty, and she assisted Lucy, the servant-maid, at odd moments, and read to her father whenever she got a chance.

But Peg was happier than either of her high-nosed sisters, after all, with her father to bless and the baby to kiss her; and though she sometimes looked at her small red hands with a sigh, and mentally compared them with the delicate white hands of the other Thrush girls, she never thought with anger of the hard work she did in order that those other hands might be delicate and white.

Well, things went on this way—Peg's sisters reading, dressing, walking, and playing the piano and croquet, and Peg baking, sewing, sweeping, dusting, and taking care of baby Effie and her father—until Peg was eighteen, and then arose a great commotion in the quiet country place in which the Thrushes lived.

There had always been a dearth, a great dearth, of men in Laureltown. The fact is, all the boys born in that beautiful but very secluded place rushed away as soon as they became old enough to seek their fortunes in neighboring cities, and with the exception of Tamisin Brook, the vest-maker, who married Jeremiah Toothaker, the blacksmith, there had been no one married in Laureltown for the last eight years. No, there had not even been an engagement, let alone a wedding. Bella Thrush came very near one with Dr. Pellet, the homœopathic physician of the place, who, having a little money, had settled there in hopes of finding a practice—a tall, thin, grave, honest man of thirty or thereabouts, who, being passionately fond of music, a luxury extremely rare in Laureltown, had been caught by Bella's passable rendition of his favorite songs.

"How glad I am I told him I'd think it over!" said Bella—he had proposed the day before the news arrived—"for now I may be able to do much better."

"Why, you wouldn't jilt Dr. Pellet, after trying so hard to get him, would you, Bella?" asked Peg, with wide-opened eyes.

"'Jilt,' indeed!" answered Miss Arabella, with sharpness. "Don't talk about things you don't understand."

But the welcome news? Three most eligible men, according to the Laureltown standard, were coming to spend the summer among the hills and valleys of their native place—Captain Sparkman, son of Mrs. Sparkman, of the big house; Arthur Thorne, artist, brother of the two old maids of Honeysuckle Cottage; and David Onion, Esq., the wealthy bachelor merchant (woollen goods, I think), proprietor of Lilac Villa. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Onion had been in Europe for three years, and before that had never spent more than a week or two at a time in Laureltown, Captain Sparkman had only paid flying visits to his mother and sister for the last ten years, and Arthur Thorne had lived in a Southern State ever since his nurse carried him away from the old-fashioned cottage where his sisters still dwelt. Imagine the excitement when all three proposed returning together and staying three months!

The aquiline sisters for once disgraced their noses. They became flurried and restless, and I am afraid, on examining their somewhat scanty wardrobes, said some naughty, certainly undignified, words. And Peg was immediately commanded to leave father, baby, parlor, and kitchen, and devote herself entirely to their service. Old silks were turned, new morning dresses made, half-worn muslins altered and retrimmed, hats bought and decorated, and for a week the old captain never saw Peg unless he peeped in at the sitting-room door, where she sat smothered in dry-goods, and wee Effie cried by the hour, and would not be comforted, almost breaking the heart of the little seamstress; but until her tasks were completed, Peg's task-mistresses never relaxed their vigilance a moment. But at last all that *could* be done *was* done; and then Bella, the least aquiline and youngest of the three, said, with a slight twinge of conscience, "Why, Peg has nothing to wear."

"You may have my white Swiss, Peg," said Arabella, still answering her conscience. "It's torn all across the back breadth; but you can darn so nicely, and I never could, and if I could, I can't bear a darned dress, and you don't care."

"Thank you," said Peg, and went away to rescue Effie, who had been tied to the leg of the ironing table by the old servant-woman to keep her out of mischief, and to seek her dear old father, who was wandering disconsolately up and down the garden. How the dimpled face and the wrinkled face both brightened when their curly-headed darling appeared, and what a hugging went on for at least ten minutes without intermission, and for the next hour with short intermissions!

They came. The captain, the artist, the merchant, and the festivities began. The first on the list being a croquet party given by Mrs. Sparkman in honor of her son a few days after his arrival. And the very first guests the old lady had the pleasure of greeting were the three elder Misses Thrush.

Peg had been invited, for although Mrs. Sparkman had only seen her when her sisters had sent her to borrow or return a book—the house boasted a voluminous library—she had taken a great fancy to the innocent young face, and had particularly requested that Peg should be present.

But Peg had nothing to wear but her sister Bella's cast-off white dress, and of course *that* wouldn't do for a croquet party. So Cinderella looked with wistful eyes, it can not be denied—for what young girl delights not in music, ice-cream, and merry company?—after the retreating forms of her sisters, arrayed in their dark grenadines freshened with knots of blue and lavender ribbons, with their broad-brimmed, quaint-looking hats garnished with grasses, buttercups, and daisies, shading their aristocratic noses; and then tying her old flat on her head by passing a faded crimson scarf—one of Aurelia's gifts—over the crown and knotting it under her chin, she took a basket on her arm and went into the back garden to pick blackberries for supper. Peg always had the berry-picking to do, for the white hands could not be stained and thorn-torn, and old Lucy had as much as she could accomplish in the house. And as she picked the berries she sang loud and clear—Peg had a voice like a bird's, full of sweet little trills and shakes—

"'I love you well, my bonnie maid, my bonnie maid,' said he,
'And I have come, this summer day, to ask if you will be
My own dear wife, my sweet, true wife.' 'Perhaps I will,' said she."

And stopping suddenly to put a thorn-wounded finger in her mouth, became aware of a strange face looking down upon her from over the high fence—a face with dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, and whiskers of the same color.

"I beg pardon—hope I haven't frightened you," said the voice belonging to this face—"but may I come in and get a drink from the old well I see yonder? I have been walking fast, and am exceedingly thirsty."

"Certainly," said Peg, with a painful consciousness of her extremely short calico dress and scoop bonnet; and the stranger came in, hat in hand.

"I will bring you a glass," said Peg, drooping toward the ground in a vain endeavor to lengthen the skirt and hide the pretty ankles.

"Oh no, indeed; this is famous!" drinking from the bucket; and then, as he let it fall again, he added, looking about him with an air of recognition, "Captain Thrush's place, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Peg.

"Is he at home? How I'd like to see the dear old boy! Many a dime he's given me in days gone by. And I *will* see him, too; though my mother and sister must be calling me all sorts of hard names, for they are at this moment giving a party in my honor. I went to the city last evening, and promised to be back to-day two hours ago; but I missed my train, missed the phaeton which was to have met me at the station, and missed the road."

"Then you are Captain Sparkman?" said Peg, who had forgotten the short dress and the scoop hat in the delight of hearing the handsome young fellow call her father "a dear old boy."

"The same, at your service," said the captain. "And may I have the honor—"

"Oh, I'm only Peg—I mean Margaret Thrush."

"The little curly-headed three-year-old I kissed good-by the day I left this place to start upon my wild career!" exclaimed the young man. "Is it possible? But pray, Miss Margaret, why are *you* not at my party?"

And now Peg was in a dilemma. She had never told a falsehood in her life, bless her innocent young heart! She looked at the captain, and she looked down on the ground, and in her confusion began hurriedly eating the berries she had gathered, wishing from the bottom of her heart meanwhile that Effie would cry—but she didn't. The young man watched her for a moment, and then coolly intercepting the berry on the way to her mouth, repeated the question.

"I had no dress to wear," at last said Peg.

Captain Sparkman burst out laughing. Peg couldn't see why—it was no laughing matter to her; and his laugh awakened Peg's father, who was taking his afternoon nap in his big arm-chair on the back porch, and the old gentleman came out in the garden to find there, to his great surprise and delight, the son of his old chum and brother officer Colonel Sparkman. And instead of going straight home, as he should have done after shaking hands with his senior, the young man marched into the house, played with Effie, smoked with his host, and looked at Peg for another hour, and so arrived at the croquet party just as it was on the point of breaking up.

And when Mrs. Thrush and the Misses Thrush returned with clouded faces—the merchant didn't play croquet, and the artist flirted abominably with Jenny Starr and didn't care how he played, and as I said before the captain only arrived in time for an introduction all around—and learned that their rude host had actually been, while all Laureltown was waiting to welcome him, wasting his time with "father, Effie, and Peg," their indignation knew no bounds.

"What must he have thought of that pug?" said Amanda, with a sneer. And then the questions came fast and thick, and in answering them truthful Peg repeated the excuse she had offered for not going to the party.

Oh, what a rating the poor child got! Just think of it! Four highly aquiline women scolding at once!

"How can you expect the child to have any pride?" demanded Mrs. Thrush of her husband, who hadn't said a word on that subject or any other, but was patiently waiting until the storm should blow over and tea be served. "I wish with all my heart your ancestor had been in his grave before he handed down that nose to a daughter of mine."

"You silly goose, will you *never* have any sense?" asked Bella of Peg.

"I've a good mind to shake you," threatened Aurelia.

"I *will* shake you!" said Amanda, who had the worst temper of the lot. And she did.

And Cinderella went sobbing to bed that night, wishing that Captain Sparkman had gone somewhere else for a drink of water, at the same time that that gentleman was sitting with his feet on the window-sill in the smoking-room gazing at the moon, and saying to himself, "What a dear, jolly little girl! Eyes and mouth lovely, and such a bewitching, saucy little nose! 'No dress to wear'? Wish I could give her half a dozen."

The next morning, at the breakfast table, you may be sure the three new-comers to Laureltown were well discussed.

"The captain is *my* favorite," said Aurelia. "I suppose father just dragged him in yesterday."

"Mr. Onion is mine," said Amanda.

"You're welcome to them both," proclaimed Bella. "Give me the handsome artist."

"Such hair, such a figure, and such whiskers!" said Aurelia.

"Such violet-blue eyes, such a glorious mustache, and such loves of hands!" said Bella.

"And we must go for wild flowers"—going for wild flowers admitted of strolling in many directions in Laureltown—"this morning before the sun is high, the dining-room vases are empty," said all three together. "So, Peg, bring our walking shoes and hats, and be quick about it."

"And, Peg," added Amanda, "have lunch ready at one, and set the table with the best china. We may meet one of the gentlemen, and bring him home with us."

"And make custards and sponge-cake," said Bella.

"And see that the bread and ham are cut very thin," commanded Aurelia.

And away they went, Peg looking after them again, but *this* time with no longing in her eyes, until they disappeared at the turn which led past Lilac House, when she flew to the kitchen, made the custards and sponge-cake, and then donned her scoop hat, and a cunning white apron with a bib and pink pockets, and taking Effie by the hand, away *they* went for wild flowers—"The girls will never remember them," said Peg—but not in the same direction the aquilines had taken, oh no, but along a shady lane that led to the foot of a hill where grew many fragrant, lovely blossoms at their own sweet wills.

Peg and the baby danced gayly on until the place of destination was reached, and a world of floral wealth lay before them. Up the hill they toiled, and stopping midway to gather some tall brilliant flowers that grew in their path, the very first stem baby grasped and pulled at broke off with a jerk in her tiny hand, and away she rolled backward down hill until she rolled into a pair of arms outstretched to catch her.

"Please, ma'am, here's your baby," said the owner of these arms, demurely raising a pair of violet-blue eyes to Peg's white face as he placed the child beside her.

"How can I thank you?" said Peg, in a trembling voice. "But for you, Effie might have been killed."

"I know of no better way than coming down into the road immediately"—twirling his long golden mustache—"and then my mind will be relieved about Effie. Though, if you say so, I'll stand at the bottom of the hill with pleasure until you are quite ready to descend, so as to be on hand to rescue her if she tumble again."

"I think I'll go down," said Peg, the color coming back to her cheeks.

He held out his hand to assist her. It was the most beautiful hand she had ever seen: long taper fingers, exquisitely shaped rosy nails, slender wrist, and yet withal a certain something about it that betokened strength, and redeemed it from the charge of femininity. "I can take care of myself, thank you, Mr. Thorne," said Peg.

"Mr. Thorne," repeated he. "How did you know I was Mr. Thorne?"

"By your eyes, your mustache, and your hands," said frank young Peg.

Thorne smiled, and looked at her earnestly. "And you?"

"I'm Margaret Thrush, whose sisters you met at Mrs. Sparkman's yesterday."

"You do not look a bit like them."

"I do not," said Peg, with a sigh.

And they strolled along together, talking pleasantly, until Peg was half way home, and then he begged her—oh, sly Arthur Thorne!—to rest awhile, and let him take a sketch of *the baby*. "Please sit down on that bank, Miss Thrush, and hold her upon your lap," he suggested. "I think she will remain quieter that way."

And the sketch was made. Peg on the bank leaning against the trunk of an old tree, her bright face glowing with purity and mirth, surrounded by rough breeze-tossed brown curls, peeping archly from under the scoop; and little Effie, with curious eyes and sweet puzzled look, half reclining in her arms.

"Why, you have drawn me too!" said the girl, rising and looking over his shoulder. "Do I really look like that? Effie is very pretty; but I— Oh dear, it *is* a funny nose! Couldn't you straighten it just a little?"

"Not for worlds!" replied the artist, with emphasis.

"Shall you call it 'Wild Country Girls'?" asked Peg, blushing, for something in his tone implied that he liked the "funny nose."

"No; I shall call it 'Wild Flowers—Brown Daisies.' By Jove!" pulling out his watch, "it's near lunch-time. Let me see you and Effie home, Miss Margaret, and I'll bid you good-afternoon." And he tied up his sketch-book, took the tired baby in his arms, and thus they arrived at Captain Thrush's door. And arrived there, it only needed a cordial invitation from Peg to induce Thorne to enter, to the intense astonishment of the three elder sisters, who were already seated at the lunch table, having apparently been unsuccessful in their search for wild flowers and other things, as the vases were still empty and the guest chairs unoccupied.

However, with great self-possession they managed to conceal their surprise, and greeted the visitor in the warmest manner; and he, with the boyish absence of formality that characterizes his kind, was perfectly at home in five minutes, and discussed politics (of which, be it said in passing, he knew absolutely nothing) with the father, adroitly flattered the mother and her favorite daughters, told stories of impossible animals to the baby, and ate Peg's custards and sponge-cake like a school-boy. In short, he made himself so agreeable that the unanimous verdict after his departure was, "charming," and Bella declared herself wildly in love with him. But they opened on Peg all the same.

"Where did she meet Mr. Thorne? Why did she let Effie roll down hill? Did she do it on purpose to attract his attention? Did she wish to utterly disgrace them? Wasn't it enough that she had exposed their poverty to Captain Sparkman? What possessed her to enter into conversation with an utter stranger?"

"He spoke to me first," said Peg, "and I had to thank him for saving baby's life; and I didn't feel as though he were an utter stranger, for I knew he was Miss Thorne's brother by his eyes and his hands and his mustache."

"As you told him, I suppose?" said Amanda, sarcastically, never dreaming that the child had really done so.

"Yes," acknowledged honest Peg.

"*You did?*" cried her tormentors, in a screaming chorus.

"There, that's what comes of your *pugs!*" exclaimed Mrs. Thrush, fanning herself excitedly. "And you coaxed him in to lunch?"

"No, mamma; he came without coaxing. Was it wrong to ask him? I thought," turning to her sisters, "that you went out on purpose to meet some of them, and bring them home with you if you could."

"Oh! hear her! hear her! Mother, you'd better lock her up," cried Amanda. "That is the only way to prevent her acting like an idiot and hoiden, and bringing us all to grief."

Peg fled to her room. "I wonder if *he* thinks me an idiot and hoiden?" she said, with burning cheeks.

What he *did* think was, "She's worth all three of her sisters. It's a great relief to turn to her dear pretty pug-nosed face after so much aquiline;" and he took out the sketch, and smiled at it, and—artists are very enthusiastic, you know—he actually kissed the face looking out of the scoop hat full of child-like trust and happiness.

Poor Peg was kept a prisoner in her own room for three long days; but at the end of that time, partly because the old captain, summoning courage, peremptorily demanded the release of his darling, partly because they were enjoying themselves so much they could afford to be generous, and mostly because they could not do without her nimble feet and fingers, the aquiline party magnanimously forgave her, and Peg was free once more.

And with another twinge of conscience Bella actually proposed one day, after Peg had spent the whole morning in ironing their flounced and ruffled finery, that she should accompany her sisters to the musical party to be given at the old bachelor's that evening.

"She can wear the white dress I gave her, and, Relia, you can let her have your pink sash to drape over the darn, and you, Amanda, can lend her your jet necklace and bracelets."

"Well," said Aurelia, with the air of one granting a very great favor, "if she'll promise to remain in a corner all the evening, and if any one *should* speak to her, make none of her absurd remarks, I've no objection."

"Nor I, and with a few flowers in her hair, and my gray gloves—they're too large for me—she'll do—in a corner," chimed in the amiable Amanda.

So Peg put new rosettes on the tips of her slippers where they had begun to wear, and worked over the faded embroidery on a pair of silk stockings Aurelia loaned her, and looped up her white over-skirt here and there with sprays of honey-suckle vine, and was as happy as her three sisters with their fine organdies, to purchase which their father had to go without a new coat and hat that summer, if not happier.

And when she came shyly after them into the music-room of Lilac House, she looked indeed "a sweet wild flower," "a sunny-faced brown daisy."

And so thought David Onion, Esq.; and while he saluted the others with a courtly bow, he held out his hand to the little stranger, and led her to a seat near the piano.

"Why have we never met before, Miss Margaret?" he said, as soon as she was seated. "Did it need a musical temptation to lure you from your seclusion? For that you love music your face plainly tells me."

"Indeed I do," said Peg; and Mr. Thorne appearing, the host left her to welcome other guests, but not to stay away long; oh no, but to come back at short intervals to chat pleasantly with and gaze admiringly upon dear, happy little Peg the whole long evening through.

And the captain sought her out. Bella heard him saying to the old bachelor just before he did so, "And, sir, she looked up into my face like a little child, and said, 'I had no dress to wear.' And, by Heaven, I'll stake my captaincy that that girl says her prayers every night!"

And Peg did *not* remain in a corner, as her sisters had intended she should. Quite the contrary, I assure you. And, what's of much more consequence, the three eligibles were devoted to her.

And a few weeks after that musical party there were three proposals in one house in one day in Laureltown. Such a thing had never been heard of before, and probably never will be heard of again. And they were all to Peg, the "disgrace to her family," the "idiot and hoiden," the "pug-nosed"! And as she couldn't accept them all, she said, "I'm very, *very* sorry," to Mr. Onion and Captain Sparkman, and held up her sweet mouth for a kiss to Arthur Thorne, the artist.

"Well, after this *nothing* will ever astonish *us*," proclaimed the aquilines, and the old father went about openly exulting, and baby Effie joyfully sang over and over again, "I's doin wiff my Peg, my Peg, my Peg!"

And Peg was married in September, and went away with her husband to the great metropolis, where she became the pet and delight of all the good fellows who throng the studio buildings. But every summer she returns to Laureltown, to pay a long visit to her sisters-in-law, who, improbable as it may seem, love her better than any one in the world, excepting, of course, their brother.

Effie is with her all the time, and the dear old captain more than half, and the aquilines are not at all averse to being the guests of the wife of the already well-known young painter.

Bella married Dr. Pellet, never knowing—which is well for *his* peace of mind—that when she was angling, in hopes of landing a larger fish, he came very near to proposing to Peg himself. But Aurelia and Amanda still remain single, and are regarded with awe, I may say fear, by Peg's baby daughter, who has her father's violet eyes and Peg's pug.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

The new Postmaster-General, Hon. Horace Maynard, is a native of Westborough, Worcester County, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1814. He was graduated in Amherst College, in the class of 1838, after which he removed to Tennessee, and made the law his profession. He was for some years the Attorney-General of the State, was a Presidential Elector in 1852, and was a Representative in the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, and Thirty-seventh Congresses. For his loyalty during the rebellion his property was confiscated, and he and his family were driven from Eastern Tennessee. He was a delegate to the Baltimore Convention of 1864. After the war he was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congresses. He was also a delegate to the Loyalists' Convention of 1866, and was President of the Border State Convention, held in Baltimore in 1867. In March, 1875, he was appointed by President Grant Minister Resident to Turkey, from which post he is recalled to succeed Mr. Key.

General James Longstreet, of Georgia, who succeeds Mr. Maynard as Minister to Turkey, is well known as one of the bravest and most capable officers in the Confederate service during the war of the rebellion. Born in South Carolina in 1820, he removed at an early age with his parents to Alabama, from which State he was appointed to the United States Military Academy in 1838. Four years later he was graduated, and entered the army as a lieutenant of infantry. He distinguished himself in the Mexican war, engaging in all the principal battles up to the storming of Chapultepec, where in the assault upon the castle he was severely wounded. In June, 1861, he resigned from the United States army to join the Confederacy. After the war General Longstreet accepted the situation, and devoted all his energies to the work of pacification and union. Taking up his residence in New Orleans, he was appointed, in 1869, Surveyor of the Port, and was also a School Commissioner. In 1875 he settled in Georgia, where he still lives.

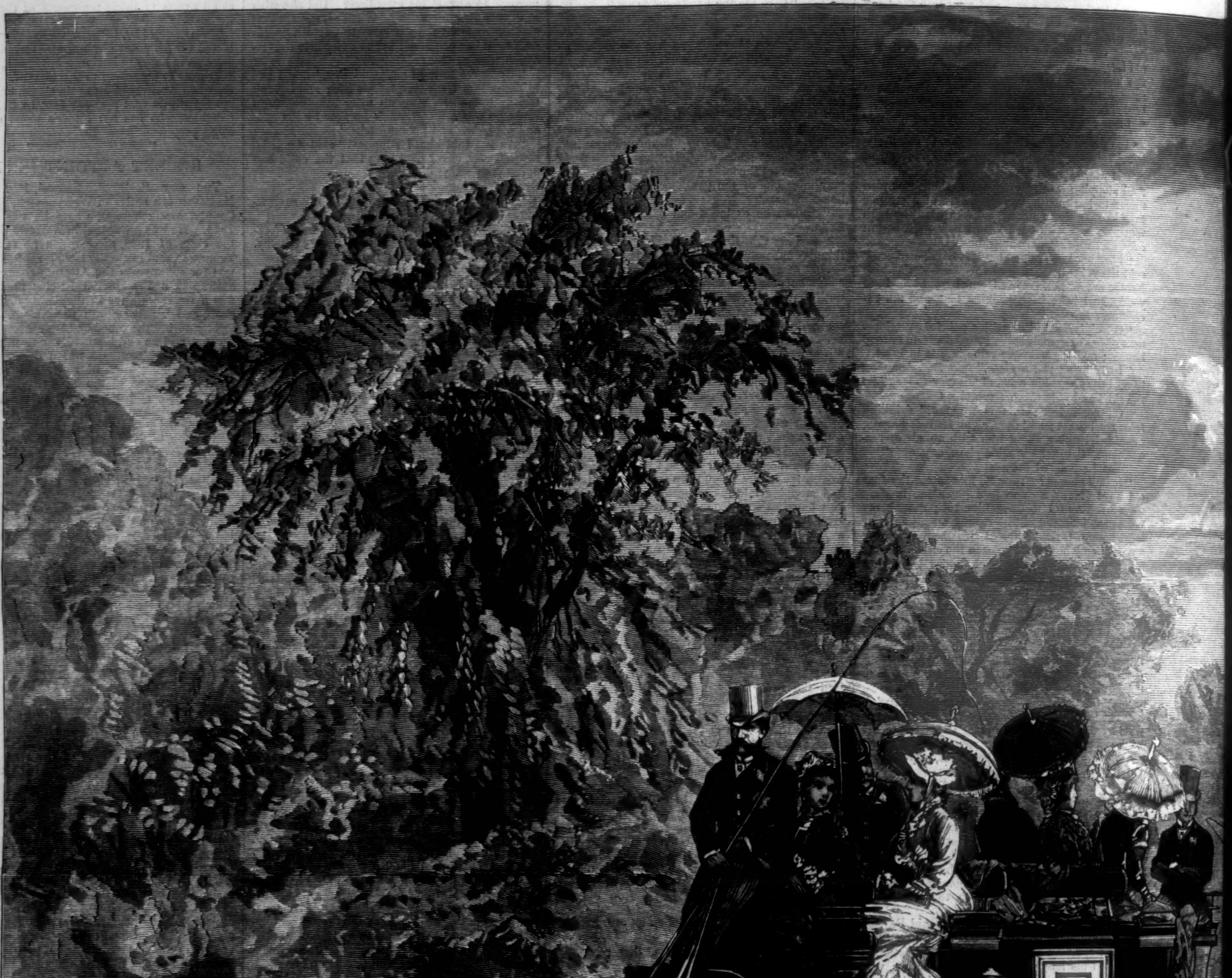
The vacancy made by the death of Chief Justice Church, of the Court of Appeals of this State, has been filled by the appointment of Judge Charles J. Folger, of Geneva. The new Chief Judge is one of the two Republicans who were elected in 1870, when the court was re-organized. Before that he was a County Judge, and he sat for several terms in the State Senate with Governor Cornell's honored father. He is of Massachusetts (Nantucket) nativity, has been for half a century a resident of this State, and is now sixty-two, in the ripe maturity of his well-preserved powers. For the position which he vacates the Governor has selected Mr. Francis M. Finch, of Ithaca.

STRAPS AND BELTS.

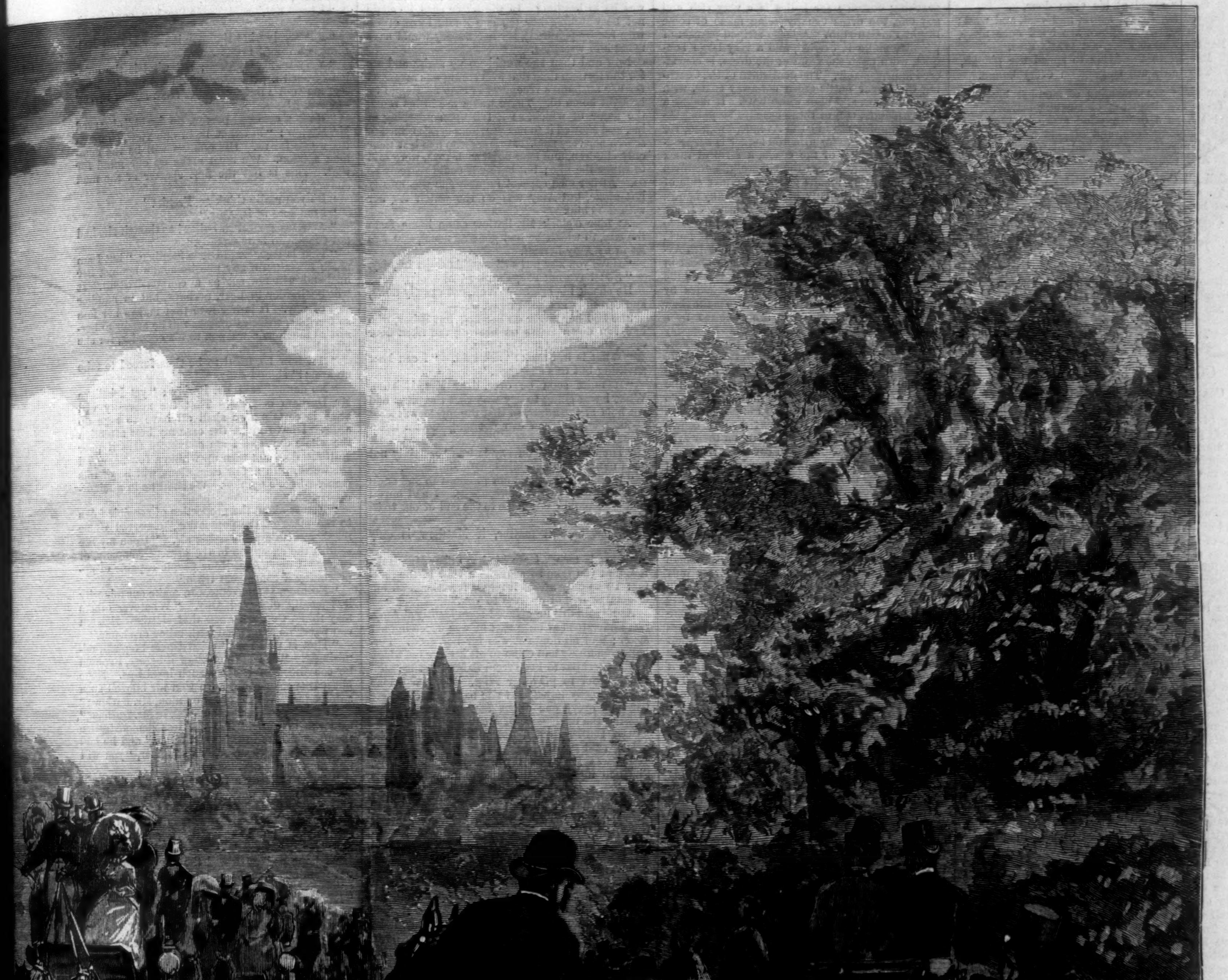
It is a habit in some of the schools and colleges for youths to employ a strap or other form of belt for holding up their trousers; one boy sets the example, and the others think it right to follow; so the practice becomes general, and you find a tight line indicating pressure marked round the bodies of the wearers. Fortunately, in their case, as they emerge into life, and before great mischief is done, they give up the strap, and take to supporting the clothes from the shoulders by the brace, and so they escape further injury; but while it lasted the injury undoubtedly was severe.

There is another and more permanent injury of this kind, however, carried out by boys—even by men—which consists in wearing a belt for the purpose of giving what is called support. Boys who are about to run in races, or to leap, put on the belt and buckle it tightly, in order, as they say, to hold in their wind, or breath. Working-men who are about to lift weights or carry heavy burdens put on a belt for the same purpose, their declaration being that it gives support. Actually there is not a particle of truth in this belief. It is the expression of a fashion, and nothing more. The belt impedes respiration, compresses the abdominal muscles, compresses the muscles of the back, subjecting them to unnecessary friction, and actually impedes motion. No boy would think of putting a belt tightly round the body of his pony if he wished it to win a race or to leap a hurdle; no working-man would put a belt tightly round the body of a horse to make it pull with greater facility a load which it was drawing. On themselves they commence the practice because somebody has set the example, then they get accustomed to the impediment, and think they can not get on without it. Drinking is learned by just the same absurd process.

Respecting this belt for boys and men there is a word more I must say, which is of serious import. When they put on the belt for the sake of performing some feat of strength, they risk another dangerous mischief. Compressing the abdomen, they force, during the exertion, the contents of the abdominal cavity downward under pressure, giving no chance to resilience back again after the exertion or shock. In this way they frequently cause hernia, or rupture. I have seen several instances of this occurrence in boys, and amongst workmen who wear belts this disease is so common that it is the rule rather than the exception to find it present.


SCHELL & HOGAN

COACHING IN NEW YORK—A DRIVE THROUGH C



H C L PARK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 378.]

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

The farmer stood at his open door,
Looked north, and south, and east, and west;
"Good wife, the swallows are back once more,
Back again to their last year's nest.
I'm off to the fields to speed the plough,
The birds are singing on every bough.

"The skies are dreaming of summer blue;
Trees are dreaming of rustling leaves;
And I have a dream—God make it true!—
Of standing corn, and of golden sheaves,
Of meadows green, and of new-made hay,
And reapers singing at dawn of day.

"Call all the boys; we must go afield,
To speed the plough and cast the seed:
God bless the seed, and make it to yield
Plenty, both man and beast to feed!
God bless the seed, and speed the plough,
For birds are singing on every bough."

Then out with his boys the farmer went,
Into the fields the soft spring morn,
Sowing the seed with a glad content,
Singing, while sowing the good seed-corn,
"God bless the harrow, and bless the plough,
The corn, the wheat, and the barley mow!"

COACHING IN NEW YORK.

Coaching has come of late to be one of the favorite amusements of New York, and the winding of the coachman's horn is heard on nearly every pleasant afternoon. Those who can afford it amuse themselves by holding the reins and snapping the whip; and those who can not, enjoy the distant bugle-note, the approaching cloud of dust, and the whirling by of the bright coach with its merry passengers. For many years the coachman's whip was laid aside in New York, and almost forgotten; kept from fading entirely out of mind only by a few lumbering old coaches up in the Catskills, or in more distant parts of the State. When it was laid away in an obscure corner years ago, it was by the sorrowful hand of a browned, knotty, weather-beaten old coachman, who looked upon the steam-engine as an interloper, come to steal away his business. When it was taken down again very recently, it was by the daintily gloved hand of a young gallant, and its old horn mounting was taken off and replaced by a tip of gold, for in the long interval fashion had taken up the staging business, and brought it back to life again.

The mania in England and France for driving a four-in-hand for pleasure reached this country considerably less than a score of years ago; and when a wealthy New York gentleman bought a coach of the style now in use, and brought it to this city from London, the flutter its appearance caused in the streets was second only to the excitement made by one of Barnum's vans. The advantages of the new coach over the old family carriage, however, were soon appreciated, and it was not long before more were imported—some from London, some from Paris. These few coaches had been in use for several years in New York when an order was given to a famous American firm of carriage-builders, and the vehicle they produced was found to be in every way equal to the imported coaches. Since then few coaches have been imported, but a comparatively large number have been built in this city, though amateur coaching is yet hardly out of its infancy in this country. As the number of coaches increased, and more and more gentlemen became familiar with the art of managing four horses, it was thought desirable to have some organization in this city, and the Coaching Club was formed, very much on the plan of the London Four-in-hand Club. Anybody might become a member who owned a drag, and could drive it. A high entrance fee was not necessary for exclusiveness here, as in some clubs, for mechanics or small shop-keepers were not likely to come into the possession of a coach. The London Club's constitution is explicit in saying that "the initiation fee shall be nothing, and the annual dues shall on no account exceed the initiation fee," and the same liberal figures were adopted in New York. Every year the club grew, and its fame spread through the country, creating an interest in coaching that was never felt before, and inciting wealthy gentlemen in different parts of the Union to the purchase of a coach and four. There are now about twelve coaches in use in New York, two in Philadelphia, and one each in Chicago and San Francisco.

The modern drag is a very different affair from the stage-coach of old times. Instead of being arranged to carry as many passengers as possible, it is constructed so that each passenger may have as comfortable a seat as may be, and an unobstructed view. It is not graceful in appearance, but rather inclined to clumsiness, being necessarily very heavy; for as all the passengers are seated on the top, if the coach were lightly built it would too easily tip over. There is no custom in the colors used, and each owner paints his wheels and his panels as his fancy dictates, generally using a combination of two or three rich colors. The varnish, however, must be of the brightest, and the coach must shine all over like a mirror. Such dainty affairs are the modern coaches that the lightest touch of even a silk handkerchief on one of the panels would leave a scratch. There is, of course, an interior to the coach, but this is always given up to the servants, and to the safe-keeping of Champagne and lunch-baskets and other necessaries. The top seats hold twelve passengers, including the driver. The front, or driver's seat, holds two, the two intermediate seats hold four each, and the rear seat holds two. Back of all, and at one side, is a place for the guard, who has a long brass bugle, kept, when not in use, in a long basket-work case, like the sheath of a fishing-rod. When the coach is about to start, frequently while it is under way, and again when it is about to stop, the guard sounds a few musical notes upon the bugle. The coaching costume for ladies is a very rich and gay one, the dress usually being made of some bright Persian stuff. A large striped parasol of peculiar make is carried, and a very large bouquet, worn upon the front of the dress, is considered indispensable. The gentlemen of the Coaching Club wear bottle-green cut-away coats, with brass buttons, and high white hats. It makes a pretty picture, one of these coaches stopping before a grand house in "the Avenue," waiting for a fair passenger. A little iron ladder is suspended from the side of the coach, a strip of thick carpeting is laid across the sidewalk, a footman in shining livery stands guard on either side of the carpet, and the lady, assisted by many hands, mounts quickly to her elevated seat. Every spring and fall the drags of the Coaching Club go in glittering procession up through the Park, entering through the Scholars' Gate, at Fifth Avenue. On these occasions the coaches stand in line along the east side of Madison Square till the word to start is given, generally surrounded by thousands of curious people. As they make their way up Fifth Avenue they are followed by a maze of vehicles, and every window and doorway is filled with faces. The route for these parades is always up to Mount St. Vincent, turning there without stopping, and back, through Fifth Avenue, to the Hotel Brunswick, where, after the labors of the afternoon, dinner is eaten. When the club made an excursion to Philadelphia, two years ago, on Colonel Delancey Kane's coach, the Tally Ho, they were received upon their arrival there by an assemblage of carriages that completely blocked Broad Street, one of the widest thoroughfares in the city, for a distance of more than four miles. This spring the club drove down to Mr. Pierre Lorillard's stock farm, Rancocus, and spent a Sunday in the country.

Coaching must always have more interested spectators than active participants, for it is an expensive luxury. The coach itself is no small item, and the four horses are costly, for only handsome animals can well be driven before such a stylish vehicle. The leaders and wheelers are generally mates, though sometimes the "off" leader is matched with the "nigh" wheeler, and *vice versa*—an arrangement that gives a very pleasant effect. "Piebald" or "skewbald" horses are much sought after for coaching purposes, and if sound and stylish, command high prices. The most important servant is the guard, who not only winds the horn, but takes charge of all the minor arrangements. There must be at least two footmen in livery, and the moment the coach stops they must be standing by the leaders' heads, ready for any emergency, and there they must stay till the coach starts again. When an ugly piece of road is reached, or a sharp turn, the footmen have to climb out of the box, run to the front, and keep by the horses' heads. In an out-of-town journey, indeed, these poor fellows have almost as much running to do as the horses. But it is no doubt a question in their minds which is to be preferred, an outside seat with the scenery, or an inside one with the lunch. They at any rate do not have to worry over the $5000 a year or so that it costs to support the coach. The only effort at establishing an amateur coach line with a regular time-table and a charge for passage was made by Colonel Kane, who for some time took his coach daily from the Hotel Brunswick to New Rochelle, generally driving himself, and nearly always having a full load of passengers. There are a few coaches in New York that are not included in the organization, but they are generally built after a different pattern, and are sometimes of inferior make. One of the best of these started last summer to run between the Hotel Brunswick and the sea-shore, making daily trips. The driver was a bluff and hearty Englishman, and on the day of the first trip the rain came down in such torrents that he could hardly see the leaders. "Ah!" said the driver, as he drew his rubber coat tighter about him, "this is real coaching weather. This reminds me of old times."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SELF-SACRIFICING RESOLUTION.

Though our Dead be in their new-made graves, and our Lost unfound, the wheel of life goes on with us. We sleep (sometimes), and forget our woes; we eat, and are strengthened to bear them. Breakfast and dinner and tea were served as usual in the little household in Cavendish Grove, and partaken of, though sparingly. Uncle Stephen ate and drank his ordinary share, for the appetite of the aged is little affected by mental care; and Amy took what she could, in readiness for whatever demand might be made upon her energies. She had sent word to her pupils to explain her absence from them, which, for Sabey's sake, she was resolved should last till this state of suspense should be terminated. Otherwise she would have hailed her ordinary occupation as an escape from thought.

Her sister forced herself to sit at table, but every morsel she strove to swallow seemed to choke her; directly after meals she went back, like some mechanical figure whose spring is set free, to her seat by the parlor window.

It was twelve hours now since Matthew ought to have arrived at home, and no tidings had come of him, nor any word from Mr. Signet. The snow had ceased, but the mantle of night had fallen, and the wind still wailed and shrieked. Did he hear it, she wondered, and feel the bitter cold, or was he in heaven? In the latter case, he could not be watching her (as she would have otherwise fondly pictured), for her misery would have made him wretched.

Now and then she would go up stairs and see for the fortieth time that everything was arranged for her husband's reception in case he should be brought home ill. There was a fire in his room, the flame of which, as it fell upon anything of his, and showed it to her yearning eyes, seemed to scorch her very soul. Mothers who had lost their only children, and look upon their toys, were said to suffer the like; but surely it could scarcely be so. At her own earnest request she was mostly left alone, but Amy was on the watch for her with the child.

At four o'clock Mr. Barlow came home from the city, to which he had gone as usual, and was let in by Amy herself.

"Have you any news?" was his eager inquiry.

"No: have not *you*, Frank?"

He shook his head. "Well, not exactly news, and certainly not good news, but—"

She laid her finger on her lip; but Sabey, who had run down stairs on hearing the front door open, was already beside them.

"What is it, Frank?" she said. "I can bear anything but this suspense."

"It must soon be over, dear Mrs. Helston. What I was going to say was that the press had got hold of the affair, so that the mystery at least about poor Matthew can not long remain unexplained."

"Then why did you say it was 'certainly not good news'?" she inquired, with simplicity.

"Well, only that it is not pleasant to find one's private affairs in the newspapers. I had hoped that we should have come to the end of our trouble without publicity."

"What does it matter, if Matthew is only found?"

"That is true. I am glad, my dear Mrs. Helston, that you take so sensible a view of the matter; I was only afraid it might have been an additional source of distress to you."

As he said this he glanced significantly at Amy. She understood at once that he was deceiving her sister; and no doubt it was for her good. Perhaps something had come to his knowledge which it was essential to keep from Sabey; yet it seemed so cruel to play her false. Her suspicions were so easily lulled, and she had such complete trust in every one about her. It seemed like abusing the confidence of a child.

"Of course I could not do much good at the office," said Mr. Barlow.

"It was I who sent you there," put in Amy. She had indeed insisted on his going, since his presence could have been of no avail at home, and she knew how irksome it would have been to him, for he was a man devoted to his calling, but she wished Sabey to understand how this had been.

"Of course I should have remained here," said Mr. Barlow, "could I have been of any service."

"I am sure you would," said Sabey, gratefully. Her ears were open to his words, but her eyes were once more peering though the pane into the darkness without.

"I could do no work, however," continued Mr. Barlow, "for my thoughts were with you both. My partner is a shrewd fellow, but I did not like to speak with him about our trouble without consulting you, Mrs. Helston. I clung to the hope that when I came back all might be well, and that there might be no need for taking all the world—or any of it—into our confidence. I think, however, if nothing occurs in the mean time, that I will consult with Mr. Bates to-morrow."

Sabey answered not a word. When an acknowledgment of kindness seemed to have been necessary, she had made it; but nothing short of such an appeal could now arouse her attention. What was Mr. Bates to her, or Mr. Anybody-else?

Amy turned a mournful look upon her lover, and lifted her hands in pity. "She does not hear you, Frank," she whispered. "What is it you were going to say to me when you came in?"

He pulled a newspaper half way out of his pocket, and motioned her toward the door. They rose softly and went out; as they did so the dining-room door opened, and Uncle Stephen beckoned them in. It was pitiful to see what pains the old gentleman took to be very quiet in his own house, as though Death—and not the fear of Death—was already in it.

"I knew you had come, Barlow," he said, "but thought it better to keep away. The presence of other people seems to add to poor Sabey's burden. What have you heard?"

"Nothing. The thing is not talked about as yet, but I have seen something. Here is the evening paper with a paragraph about it." He pulled it from his pocket, and read aloud: "'Mysterious disappearance of a jeweller's assistant. *It is rumored that the assistant of a well-known jeweller, not a hundred miles from Poulet Street,* is non inventus.'"

"What *English*, and what Latin!" ejaculated Uncle Stephen, screwing up his face as though he had heard a sharpening of saws. "Pray finish with it."

"'*By a coincidence, which is, to say the least, unfortunate, a large amount of valuable diamonds are found to be missing from the same establishment. The police have been communicated with, however, and we understand that they have a clew.*' The meaning of that paragraph is plain enough, I think."

"You are paying it the only compliment that is possible," said Uncle Stephen. "It is curious how villainous a style of writing may be acquired by long practice."

"It is the *suggestio falsi* with a vengeance," observed Mr. Barlow.

("I wonder they didn't put *that* in," soliloquized Uncle Stephen; "likewise *propria quæ maribus* and *as in præsenti*.")

"If Sabey read it, it would break her heart," said Amy, with a shudder.

"I hope not," said Uncle Stephen, contemptuously.

"But surely what the man implies is that Matthew is a thief," urged Amy.

"Very likely, my dear; but what is the opinion of such a personage—with his *non inventus*, and his 'not a hundred miles from Poulet Street'—worth?"

"He is a common person, no doubt," observed Mr. Barlow; "but that is, in one view, so much the worse for us. His opinion will be the common opinion. We must make up our mind for that. This is but the first spatter of the mud shower."

"Do you really think so, Frank?"

"I am sure of it, Amy."

"Alas, my poor dear Sabey! as though she had not enough to bear already."

"That is true," said Uncle Stephen, "but I am much mistaken if any vile innuendo against her husband will not act as a counter-irritant. It will be harder to bear, perhaps, but in another sort of way. It is her love that makes her loss so terrible: these calumnies will be armor to herself as much as a weapon to his enemies, for she has plenty of spirit."

"But how frightful to be thus forced to take up arms!" sighed Amy.

"No doubt," said Mr. Barlow; "yet I believe Mr. Durham is right. That the necessity will arise is certain; we shall all have to take up arms. I have given the case my best attention the whole day, and I am convinced that if poor Matthew does not turn up within a few hours, all the world, with a few exceptions, will be of this penny-a-liner's opinion. We shall be in a minority of four."

"That is about the proportion of sensible folks to the mass of the population," observed Uncle Stephen, with a philosophic air. "Upon my life—with the exception of the present company, of course—I don't *know* four people capable of appreciating a contingent truth."

"Nothing, at all events, can make our minority less small," observed Amy. "Whatever others may think, we shall *know* that Matthew Helston can never be associated with crime or shame."

"That is well said," cried Uncle Stephen, admiringly. "If I did not know it before, I should be convinced of it from such loyal lips. None but a true man could have won for himself such a defender. What is your opinion, Mr. Barlow?"

"I think you need scarcely ask it, Mr. Durham," said the lawyer. "If I am less demonstrative than some folks in this good cause," and he laid his hand lovingly on Amy's shoulder, "you will find me equally devoted to it."

"Ay; to parody a famous saying," said Uncle Stephen, with a pucker about his mouth, which under other circumstances would have developed into a smile, "he will go as far in a skin of parchment as any one in the glittering mail of chivalry."

"I hope so," answered the lawyer, prudently, not from any distrust of himself, but because he entertained some doubt of the other's meaning. "Each must work by his own lights and in his own way."

"Only let us work together," said Uncle Stephen, dryly; "then we shall stand four square to every wind that blows."

Amy looked from one to the other very gravely. It was well, of course, to be assured (though she had never doubted it) that these stout friends were with her and hers; but what she noted with alarm was that they spoke only of defending Matthew's memory, as though they already despaired of seeing him in the flesh.

They had no common meal that evening, for Uncle Stephen's bronchitis was severe, and the two women were glad enough to escape from what was to them but an empty ceremony. Sabey retired early: she had declined, with a grateful caress, her sister's offer to share her bed, but had promised to endeavor to get some sleep. Amy herself was unable to do so, and after a few hours rose and went on tiptoe to Sabey's room. The door was open, the fire burning brightly, and the babe asleep in its cot, but there was no Sabey, nor any sign of her having laid her head on the pillow. What on earth could have become of her? Was it possible that with a brain half turned by weariness and anxiety, she had gone forth in the night to seek her Lost One? Half paralyzed with terror, Amy ran down stairs, and to her joy found the front door locked as usual: a feeble light shone from the smoking-room below, and with a beating heart, but swift and noiseless step, she descended and pushed open the half-closed door. In the far corner of the room, close to the machine her husband had invented, and leaning over it, was Sabey. She had taken the cover off, and was anointing the little wheels with oil, and rubbing them with a piece of flannel, just as she had seen Matthew do.

She did not hear her sister's step, but worked on with great intentness. At first Amy feared her reason had given way, but presently perceived that the expression of her eyes was only that of tender solicitude. Did she think that she would have her husband back again, and was thus preparing all things as he would have them for his return, or was it a pious duty paid to the memory of the dead? In either case it was a pitiful sight.

With a gentle sigh, but without disturbing her in her occupation, Amy withdrew as softly as she had come. Her heart-strings were wrung with pity. What a desolate future was, in all human probability, in store for yonder gentle creature! What unimaginable anxiety and woe must needs be consuming her, which could find relief in such a task as this! She was almost angry with herself for having felt such strength and comfort awhile ago from her lover's presence, when for Sabey there was no protector and no solace left. Upon her knees that night she took Heaven to witness that she would never desert her unhappy sister; never permit the gratification of her own happiness to interfere with any mitigation of the other's trouble that it might be in her power to give. If it should be Sabey's fate to suffer, and so undeservedly, then it should be hers to do what she could to break the bitter stroke of calamity, no matter at what self-sacrifice. With her soft eyes turned toward the heaven she was importuning for another's sake, her beauty had a certain ethereal cast which at other times was not observable; yet it is doubtful if Mr. Frank Barlow had just then got at "the back of her mind," as he called it, that he would have admired her in this mood so much as in ordinary ones. There are circumstances under which one prefers a woman to an angel, especially if her angelic attributes tend to place one in the position of second fiddle. In this instance, perhaps, that would be to overstate the case. Her Frank was first in Amy's eyes, but he was not all in all; and for the time Matthew and Matthew's wife seemed to have greater—or at all events more immediate—claims upon her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEA AND THE MOON.

THE Sea fell in love with the Moon;
The Moon only laughed at the Sea,
And went on, turning midnight to noon,
And silvering hill-top and lea.

"Look down, lovely Moon," said the Sea;
"Behold your own beautiful face;
'Tis so pure and so charming to me
In my heart I have given it place."

She looked, with a flush of disdain;
Her glorious image was there;
And she knew—for a woman is vain—
That the image was spotless and fair.

Away sped the Moon in her splendor;
But oft and again she would turn,
With glance growing more and more tender,
To the Sea, where her image did burn.

There trembled the silvery illusion:
Nay, Moon, do not quiver nor start;
'Tis the tremor of Love's soft confusion,
The throb of the Sea's faithful heart.

And the Moon would remember and ponder
The vision she saw in the wave,
As away round the world she would wander,
And she knew that the Sea was her Slave.

And month after month when returning
In her full she would glory again,
Her face in the ocean still burning
Gave the Moon a slight feeling of pain.

Still the Sea followed sorrowing after,
His breast swelling over with love,
His sighs waking only the laughter
Of the Moon sailing queenly above.

Though ages on ages have perished,
Still Love sings the changeless old tune,
And with passion still faithfully cherished,
The Sea follows after the Moon.

Follows after till cruel shores stay him,
Then breaks his great heart with a sigh;
For the Fates ever mock and delay him
Whose aim is unwise and too high.

DESTROYED BY ICE.

AMONG the perils faced by the ocean voyager none are more formidable than those which come from ice. Many a gallant ship that has weathered storm after storm successfully has succumbed to this terrible agent of destruction. Usually the catastrophe is so complete as to leave no trace of the vessel or her ill-fated crew. Occasionally there is a case like that of the *Arizona*, which last autumn escaped from an encounter with an iceberg after having her prow crushed and a portion of the work carried away, but they occur so seldom as to be notable exceptions. The Belgian steamer *Helvetia*, on a recent voyage, encountered a group of at least thirty icebergs. Some of them were two hundred feet out of water and one thousand feet long. The rays of the sun had melted the upper parts of many of them into the most fanciful shapes, and imaginary likenesses of crags, cliffs, and castles could be traced in those parts more exposed to the lines of heat. Streams of water in picturesque cascades were flowing down into the sea, and the huge majestic masses seemed to be moving slowly to the southeast. The *Helvetia* passed near enough to several of them to distinguish plainly the noise of the waves as they broke against the rugged sides of the bergs. As night closed in, and the moon arose, the sight was indeed beautiful. The beams of the moon illumined the icebergs, giving them a weird and ghastly appearance. For many hours these gigantic bergs were seen by the crew of the *Helvetia*, and it was morning before the summits of the most towering had faded into the distance.

The latest instance of a vessel wrecked by ice was that of the *Gudren*, a Norwegian bark bound to Quebec from Drammen, Norway. Sailing on the 3d of April, she experienced bad weather nearly all the way to the Banks of Newfoundland, and there encountered fogs and ice besides. Her officers report that on the 30th of April there were eleven icebergs in sight, and on the following day she was completely surrounded by masses of floating ice. On that day the wind blew heavily, and her rudder was carried away, so that she was rendered helpless. Hurled about among the huge fragments of ice, she was every moment in danger of foundering. Her bow and sides were chafed and stove in; and to add to the horror of the situation, when the fog lifted she was found to be near a rocky coast, with the gale still at its height, and blowing toward the shore. The sea was breaking over her, and at times she was on her beam ends. That she would be blown upon the rocks was inevitable, but before reaching the shore she struck and grounded. As the sea continued to break over her, the captain and crew were compelled to take to the rigging, where they remained two days and nights before they were rescued. The men describe their sufferings during this time as awful in the extreme. They were drenched with water, almost frozen with the cold, which was intense, and completely exhausted from the want of food and drink. At length they were rescued by some fishermen belonging to St. Pierre, Miguelon, and carried to that island, from which they made their way to Halifax, the vessel having gone to pieces soon after succor reached them.

It seldom happens in a disaster of this kind that there are any witnesses left to describe the scene, and in the case of the *Gudren* they were poor Norwegian seamen with no command of language. In one instance, however, the destruction of a vessel off Newfoundland by the terrible ice-floes that gather there was witnessed by the passengers aboard another in similar peril, but whose ship, by a favorable movement of the ice, escaped. One of them, a writer of considerable reputation, described the awful event as follows:

"It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assistance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails should the wind head us; for in that case we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing narrower and narrower. The captain stood at the weather gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvas the ship could carry to be set on her, in hopes of carrying her out before this should occur. It was a chance whether or not we should be nipped. However, I was not so much occupied with our danger as not to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel deep interest in her fate. I was in the mizzen-top, and as I possessed a spy-glass, I could see clearly all that occurred. The water on which she floated was nearly smooth, though covered with foam, caused by the masses of ice as they approached each other. I looked; she had but a few fathoms of water on either side of her. As yet she floated unharmed. The peril was great; but the direction of the ice might change, and she might yet be free. Still on it came with terrific force, and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together. The ice closed on the ill-fated ship. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up, but it was not so, I suspect. She was too deep in the water for that. Her sides were crushed in; her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments; her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached to the hull. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or perhaps the edges broke with the force of the concussion; for, as I gazed, the wrecked mass of hull and spars and canvas seemed drawn suddenly downward with irresistible force, and a few fragments which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to a distance were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape to the ice."

These terrible ice-floes and icebergs that occasion such awful perils to vessels come from the great glaciers that collect in the ice-bound regions of the North. There are peculiar properties in ice that prevent it from accumulating on the land to an indefinite extent, and as fast as the snows deepen and harden into ice upon the bleak inland wilds, that ice creeps away to the coast, and thus from the frozen reservoirs of the interior innumerable glaciers pour themselves down every bay and opening to the sea. Only a narrow strip of land along the coast-line is left uncovered by the permanent ice-field; all else is snow and ice. Some of the glaciers attain a vast size. The great Humboldt glacier is said by its discoverer, Dr. KANE, to have a breadth of sixty miles at its termination. Its seaward face rises abruptly from the level of the water to a height of three hundred feet, but to what depth it descends is not known. Other glaciers of large size occur frequently along the whole extent of the northwestern shores of Greenland. Among these is that of Eisblink, south of Goodhaab, which projects seaward so as to form a promontory some thirteen miles in length. This immense glacier flows from an unknown distance in the interior, and buries its face to a great depth in the sea. A submarine bank of débris forms a kind of semicircle some little way in front of it, and may owe its origin in part to the stream that issues from underneath the glacier; but, as we shall see presently, a bank would necessarily gather in the same place even although no water whatever circulated below the ice.

It is a well-known fact that ice is not by any means so heavy as water, but readily floats upon its surface. Consequently whenever a glacier enters the sea the dense salt-water tends to buoy it up, but the great tenacity of the frozen mass enables it to resist the pressure for some time. By-and-by, however, as the glacier reaches deeper water, its cohesion is overcome, and large segments are forced from its terminal front, and floated up from the bed of the sea to sail away as icebergs. There is considerable misapprehension about the formation of icebergs. Some have supposed that the whole mass of the glacier, after it has entered the sea for some little distance, becomes buoyed up, retaining at the same time its continuity with the landward portion of the ice. But when we come to consider the total inability of ice to yield to mechanical strain in any way save by breaking, it becomes obvious that the seaward portion of an arctic glacier can not by any possibility be floated up without sundering its connection with the frozen mass behind. So long as the bulk of the glacier much exceeds the depth of the sea, the ice will of course rest upon the bottom without being subjected to any strain or tension. But when the glacier creeps outward to greater depths, then the superior specific gravity of the sea-water will tend to press the ice upward. This ice, however, is a hard, continuous mass, with sufficient cohesion to oppose for a time this pressure, and hence the glacier crawls on to a depth far below the point at which, had it been free, it would have risen to the surface and floated. If at this great depth the whole mass of the glacier could be buoyed up without breaking it off, it would certainly go to prove that the ice of the arctic regions, unlike ice anywhere else, had the property of yielding to mechanical strain without rupturing. But the great tension to which it is subjected takes effect in the usual way, and the ice yields, not by bending and stretching, but by breaking. The glaciers slowly creep along to profounder depths; a point is reached at which, as already described, the pressure of the dense sea-water becomes too strong for the tenacity of the glacier to resist, and thereupon the ice ruptures, and great masses surge upward and float away as icebergs. Some of these bergs attain a prodigious size. Dr. HAYES measured one which had stranded off the harbor of Tessuissak, to the north of Melville Bay, and estimated it to contain about 27,000,000,000 of cubical feet. This berg could not have weighed less than 2,000,000,000 tons; it was aground in water nearly half a mile in depth. What, then, must have been the thickness of the glacier from which it had been detached? Captain Ross, in his first voyage, describes another iceberg of gigantic proportions. This mass of congelation had stranded in sixty-one fathoms of water, and its weight was estimated at 1,292,397,063 tons.

A glance at the map of the Western Hemisphere will show that Greenland is separated from Labrador and the bleak islands that flank the northern coasts of America by a broad belt of water, the wider portions of which are known as Davis Strait and Baffin Bay. Toward the far north this water belt suddenly contracts to a comparatively narrow strait at Smith Sound, but afterward expands again into Kennedy Channel, beyond which, until within a very few years, nothing was definitely known. Throughout the greater part of the year this wide belt of sea is always more or less clogged with ice. In winter-time it is nearly all frozen over, but in summer the ice breaks up into a tumbled archipelago of floating islands, through which an adventurous voyager may make his way, with difficulty and danger, up to where the belt begins to contract at Smith Sound. There can be little doubt that the comparatively sheltered character of much of this region aids the formation of the ice upon the sea; for when the expeditions of Dr. KANE and Dr. HAYES traced the coast-lines to the far north, they found, where these suddenly retired, that the ice-choked water of Kennedy's Channel expanded into a wide open sea, that rolled its great billows against long lines of black cliffs, and seemed to stretch away as far as eye could reach toward the pole.

The ice formed upon the surface of the sea by direct freezing rarely attains a greater thickness than eighteen or twenty feet; and where the water is liable to more or less agitation, it is usually much less. There is a limit to the influence of frost upon the sea, just as there is upon the solid ground. The cake of ice protects the underlying water in the same manner that the snow shelters the earth. As the ice rapidly thickens, the warm temperature of the sea finds increasing difficulty in soaking upward through its crystalline roof, until it becomes at last practically imprisoned. Thus with the warmth of the sea shut in, and the cold of the external air shut out, the ice-cake comes to assume its maximum thickness soon after the winter sets in, the intense cold of the later winter months adding little if anything to its depth.

The sea ice where it abuts upon the land reaches a much greater thickness than that which is formed off shore. Along the coast, from near the arctic circle up to Kennedy Channel, a narrow shelf or platform, varying from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet, or thereabouts, in breadth, adheres to the rocks, accommodating itself to every sweep and indentation of the coast-line. In the higher latitudes this shelf never entirely disappears, but farther south it breaks up and vanishes toward the end of summer. It owes its origin to the action of the tides. The first frost of the late summer covers the sea with a coat of ice, which, carried upward along the face of the cliffs by the tide, eventually becomes glued to the rocks. In this position it remains, and gradually grows in thickness with every successive tide, until it may reach a height of thirty feet, and sometimes even more, presenting to the sea a bold wall of ice, against which the floes grind and crush, and are pounded into fragments. Its growth only stops with the advent of summer, when it begins to yield to the kindly influence of the sun, and to the action of the numerous streams that issue from the melting glaciers, and lick out for themselves deep hollows in the shelf as they rush outward to the sea.

Occasionally icebergs run aground, and in this position are rocked to and fro and sometimes wheeled about by the force of the currents. This oscillatory movement is usually accompanied by loud noises, and the sea becomes turbid often for more than a mile with the mud which the rocking berg stirs up from the bottom. It frequently happens, too, that when a strong swell is running in upon a stranded berg, the ponderous mass, after for some time swinging fearfully from side to side, will keel right over and split up into smaller fragments, which thereupon float away. Icebergs do not grate continuously along the bottom of the sea. When they once run aground, their progress is stopped, until by gradual melting, or by splitting up into smaller pieces, they are again floated off and swept on by the currents.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Do you see that spring over there?" said a settler in Arkansas to a stranger. "Well, that's an iron spring, that is; and it's so mighty powerful that the farmer's horses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet nat'rally."

PHYSICIAN (*to government clerk*). "Well, what do you complain of?"
G. C. "Sleeplessness, doctor."
PHYSICIAN. "At what time do you go to bed?"
G. C. "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours."

"Shall the husband keep a wife informed of his business affairs?" asks an innocent. There is no necessity. She will find out five times as much as he knows himself without the least trouble.

An affectionate young married couple were discussing the melancholy subject of death, or rather that phase of it affecting their selfish selves: "Promise me, Henry," said the wife, "that if I die before you do I shall not be made a show. It is dreadful to think of anybody seeing my poor dead body except just you and me."

An undertaker gets his living where another man dies.

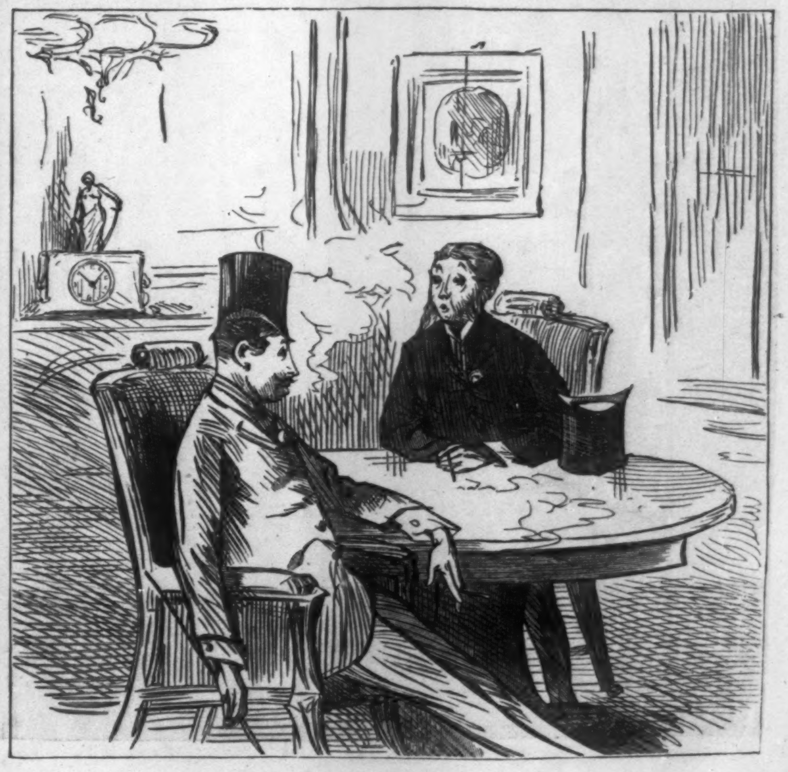
Another triumph of modern science. A Broadway firm advertises: "Artificial flower boys wanted."

Could not the doctor's fee be justly called ill-gotten gains?

"No tick here" would be a two-edged sword in a watch-maker's establishment.

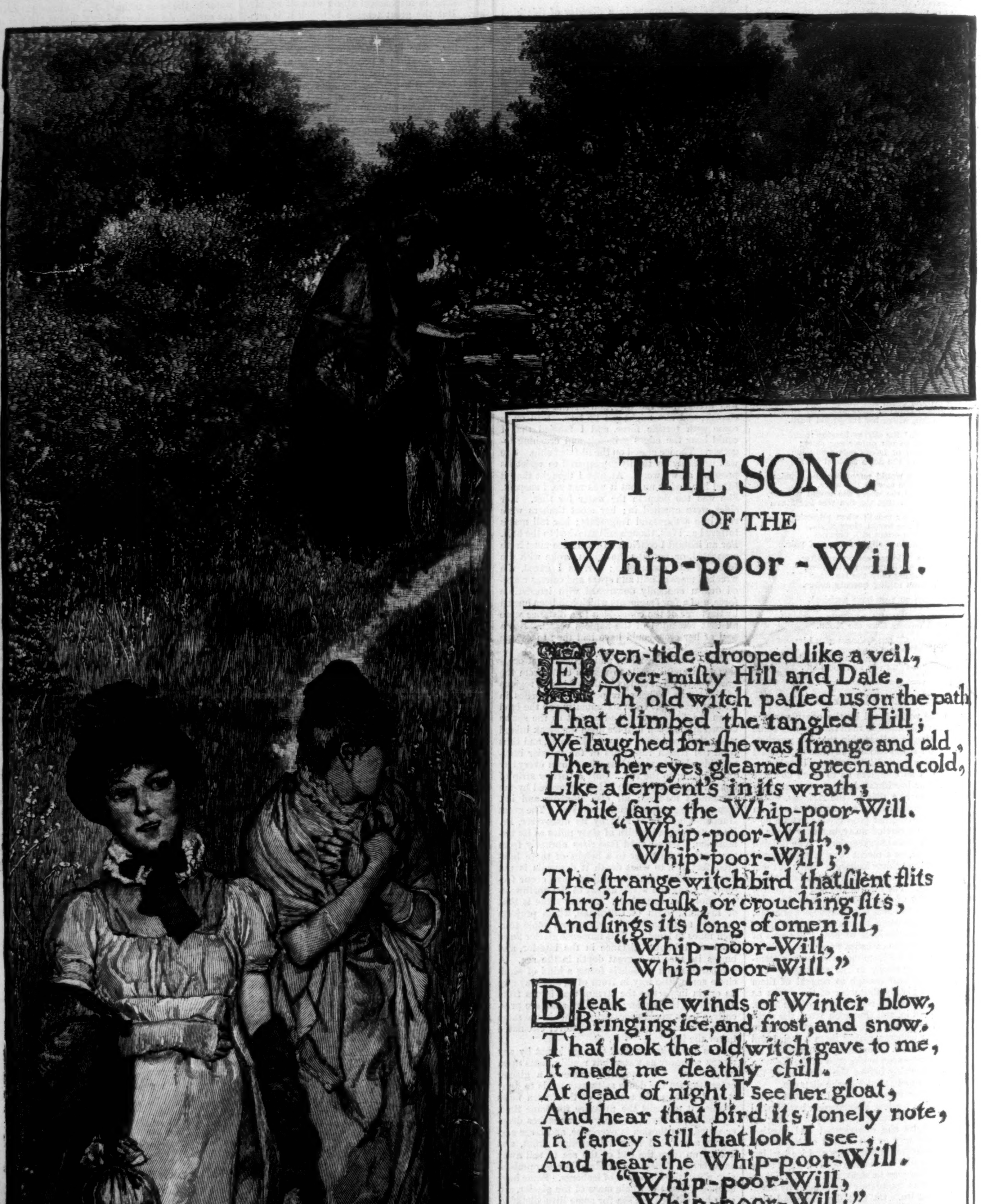
"Talk is cheap." Is it? Just hire a lawyer once.

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.



JUNIOR IMITATION BRITISH CLUB.

"Wha made yer blackball Sandford?"
"Oh! Ah! Er heard his father used to sell things."
"Oh! Ah! Yas, serves cad right."



THE SONG
OF THE
Whip-poor-Will.

Even-tide drooped like a veil,
Over miſty Hill and Dale.
Th' old witch paſſed us on the path
That climbed the tangled Hill;
We laughed for ſhe was ſtrange and old,
Then her eyes gleamed green and cold,
Like a ſerpent's in its wrath;
While ſang the Whip-poor-Will.
"Whip-poor-Will,
Whip-poor-Will;"
The ſtrange witch bird that ſilent flits
Thro' the duſk, or crouching ſits,
And ſings its ſong of omen ill,
"Whip-poor-Will,
Whip-poor-Will."

Bleak the winds of Winter blow,
Bringing ice, and frost, and snow.
That look the old witch gave to me,
It made me deathly chill.
At dead of night I see her gloat,
And hear that bird its lonely note,
In fancy still that look I see,
And hear the Whip-poor-Will.
"Whip-poor-Will,
Whip-poor-Will;"
That witches' bird that ſilent flits.
Thro' the duſk, or crouching ſits,
And ſings its ſong of omen ill,
"Whip-poor-Will,
Whip-poor-Will."

H Pyle

THE BELGIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

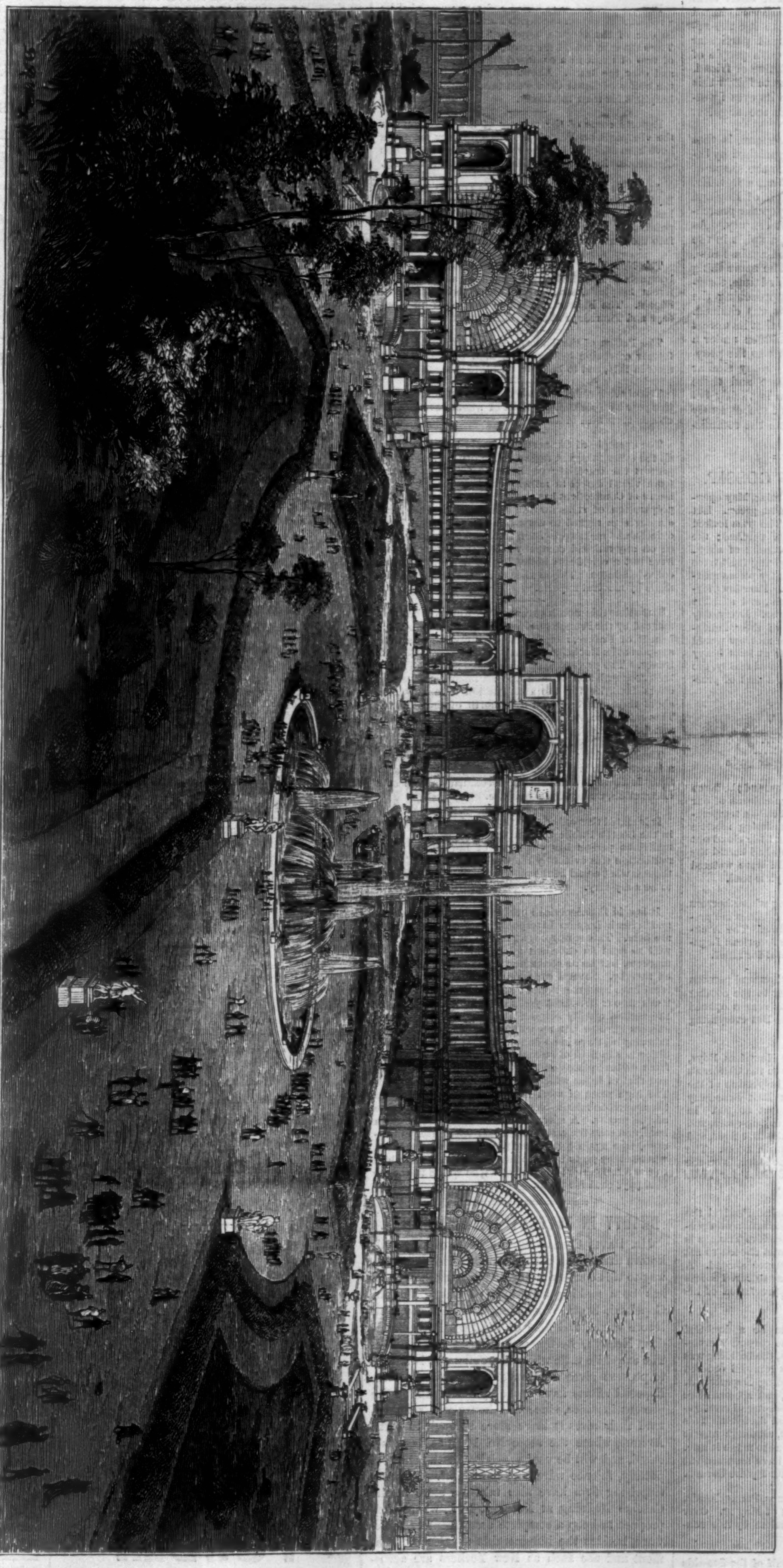
The Belgian National Exhibition building is to be opened this month, for the feast of the celebration of the jubilee of Belgium's last fifty years of independence.

The building is of Greco-Roman style, and is erected on the spot named Plaines des Manœuvres, which was formerly used as a race-course, and is well known to many Americans.

The building is made after the original plan of M. **Bordiaux**, and represents the principal façade of the Exhibition. It consists of two great pavilions united by a beautiful colonnade, having at its centre a gigantic "arc de triomphe." Each pavilion is eighty-five meters long, fifty-two meters wide, and forty-two meters high. These pavilions contain all the marvels of ancient artistic treasures dispersed in the Belgian museums, churches, and particular collections.

The other portions of the building cover a large space in the rear.

The general area of the constructions, without including the stables for the domestic animals (16,000 square meters), is 70,000 square meters.



THE PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE BELGIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT DOGS.

It is not surprising that the dog—the faithful and intellectual companion of man—should have been from the earliest times the object of a very varied folk-lore, besides holding a conspicuous place among the traditions and legends of most countries. Indeed, the origin of that very wide-spread superstition which recognizes a death omen in the howling of a dog, may be traced to a notion in Aryan mythology which represents the soul as taking its departure in the hour of death to the distant land of spirits under the escort of a fleet greyhound. According to the Aryan religion, Yama was the first lightning-born mortal who discovered the way to the other world, where he has reigned ever since, and, for the sake of men, sends the wind under the form of a dog to conduct their souls at death across the heavenly waters and over the Milky Way to his home—the bright realm of bliss. Hence, whenever this messenger of death was heard, either howling outside the sick man's house or speeding along through the air with rapid pace, the inmates trembled, for they knew that at any moment the soul of their friend or relative might be required of him. Thus, even at the present day, the howling of a dog under the window is supposed to foretell death—a superstition deeply rooted everywhere in this as well as in most other countries. The Parsees of Bombay place a dog at the bedside of the person who is dying, that his eyes may rest upon the animal at the last moment, and so find comfort in the assurance that a prompt escort is in readiness to convey the soul to its everlasting abode. Such protection, too, is, according to the Parsee belief, of the highest value; for as soon as the soul arrives at the bridge Tchinavat, a fierce combat for its possession takes place among the gods and the unclean spirits. If the soul be pure and good, then it is not only defended at this dread crisis by other souls of a like nature, but rescued by the dogs that guard the bridge. Another variation of the same legend substitutes the cow in the place of the dog, and hence it was made a religious ordinance of the Hindus that the dying person should, during his last moments on earth, take hold of the tail of the cow. The corpse, too, was drawn by cows to the funeral pile, and a black cow was led after it to the same spot, and slaughtered there. The flesh of the animal, says Mr. Kelly, "was heaped upon the corpse as it lay on the pile, and the hide was spread over all. Fire was then applied, and when the flames rose high a hymn was sung, in which the cow was invoked to ascend with the deceased to the land of the departed." Thus it is a German notion, not yet extinct, that the Milky Way is the cow-path; and it is still a popular superstition that a cow breaking into the yard betokens a death in the family.

Reverting, however, to the dog's howling as a death omen, it is interesting to trace this piece of folk-lore to its source in Aryan mythology, being the survival of one of those numerous legends that have been transmitted to us by the stream of tradition from the distant past. Although, therefore, but a relic of heathen mythology, this superstition still retains its influence as a supernatural omen. As a plea, however, for its prevalence even among the educated, we might urge that it is not unnatural for the mind, when unstrung and overbalanced by the presence of sickness and impending death, to be oversensitive, and to take notice of every little sound and sight which may seem to connect themselves with its anxiety. Reviewing very briefly the allusions to this superstition in times gone by, we find it referred to by Pausanias, who relates how, before the destruction of the Messenians, the dogs set up a fiercer howling than they were wont to do; and Virgil, speaking of the Roman misfortunes in the Pharsalic war, says:

> "Obscœnique canes, importunæque volucres,
> Signa dabant."

Capitolinus narrates, too, how the dogs by their howling presaged the death of Maximinus. At the present day this widely known omen is found in every part of almost every country. Thus, in Germany, a dog howling before a house portends a death or a fire. If it howls along the highway, this is considered in Westphalia as a certain token that a funeral will soon pass by that way. The same notion exists in Denmark. No slight consternation was caused at Worthing, England, a few years ago, by a Newfoundland dog, the property of a clergyman in the neighborhood, lying down on the steps of a house and howling piteously, refusing to be driven away. As soon as it was known that a young lady, long an invalid, had died there, so much excitement took place, that the occurrence reached the owner of the dog, who came to Worthing to inquire into the truth of it. Unfortunately, however, for the lovers of and believers in the marvellous, it turned out that the dog had accidentally been separated from his master late in the evening, and had been seen running here and there in search of him, and howling at the door of the stable where he put up his horse, and other places which he often visited in Worthing. It happened, also, that his master had been in the habit of visiting the particular house where the young lady had died, which at once accounted for the apparent mystery. In the same way, indeed, other similar instances of this superstition might easily be cleared up, if only properly investigated at the time.

Very nearly allied to the superstition which recognizes a death omen in the howling of a dog is that of the spectral hounds which are said to be occasionally heard and seen in different parts of England and Wales. They are generally invisible; but their fearful yelping, as it is heard passing swiftly through the air, resembles the fierce and angry note of the blood-hound. They are supposed to be "evil spirits hunting the souls of the dead, or, by their diabolical yelping, to betoken the speedy death of some person." In the North they are called "the Gabriel Hounds." Wordsworth, alluding to one form of this superstition, evidently connects it with the German legend of the Wild Huntsman.

It is related that a few years ago, when a child was burned to death at Sheffield, the neighbors immediately called to mind how the Gabriel Hounds had passed above the house not long before. A person was hastily summoned one night to the sick-bed of a relative whose illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character. As he set out he heard the wild sound of the creatures above his head; they accompanied him the whole way, about a mile, then paused, and yelped loudly over the house. He entered it, and found that the patient had just breathed her last.

In Lancashire these spectre hounds are locally termed "Gabriel Ratchets," and are supposed to foretell death or misfortune to all who hear their sound. An old writer has a curious note on the subject. He says: "At Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, the colliers going to their pits early in the morning hear the noise of a pack of hounds in the air, to which they give the name of Gabriel's Hounds, though the more sober and judicious take them only to be wild-geese making this noise in their flight." We have here the solution of this popular superstition, for it is a well-ascertained fact that these spectre hounds are no other than numerous flocks of wild-geese, or other large migratory birds. Mr. Yarrell, the well-known ornithologist, says that the species here alluded to is the bean-goose, *Anser segetum* of authors. They are frequently very noisy when on the wing during night, and the sound has been compared to that of a pack of hounds in full cry.

In Wales these spectre hounds are considered an omen of death, and are termed *Cwn Annwn*, or Dogs of Hell. They are said to howl through the air with a voice frightfully disproportionate to their size; and one peculiarity belonging to them is that the nearer they approach any one, the less loud their voice sounds, whereas the farther off they are, the louder is their cry. They are in themselves harmless, and have never been known to commit any mischief. According to one tradition, they are the hell-hounds which hunt through the air the soul of the wicked man as soon as it quits the body—a trace of the Aryan mythology already alluded to.

There is a notion prevalent in many places that whenever a calamity is at hand, or in localities where some accident or evil deed may have occurred, a spectral dog appears. This is described as often larger than a Newfoundland, being shaggy and black, with large ears and tail. Its form, however, is so decided, and its look and movements are so thoroughly natural, that many, we are informed, have often mistaken it for a real dog. Thus in Lancashire this spectre dog bears the name of "Trash," or "Striker." The former name is given to it from the peculiar noise made by its feet when passing along, resembling that of a heavy shoe in a miry road. The latter term is in allusion to the sound of its voice when heard by those persons who are unable to see the appearance itself. It does not haunt particular spots, but makes itself visible to warn people of the approaching death of some relative or friend. Should any one be so courageous as to follow this strange apparition, it retreats with its eyes fronting the pursuer, and vanishes on the slightest momentary inattention.

Another belief, not at all uncommon, is that the spirits of wicked persons are punished by being doomed to wear for a long time the shape of a dog. An anecdote is related about a Rev. Mr. Hughes, a clergyman of the Church of England in the island of Anglesea, the most popular preacher in the neighborhood in the last century. As he was going one night to preach, a spirit in the shape of a large greyhound jumped against him, and threw him from his horse. The same thing happened another evening. The third time, therefore, he went on foot, and on approaching the haunted spot, found that the spirit was chained. On questioning it, the spirit replied that its unrest was due to a silver groat it had hidden under a stone when in the flesh, and which was the property of the Church of St. Elian. Many similar instances are found scattered here and there throughout the country, which are implicitly believed in by the peasantry, and not unfrequently have even deterred the wicked from the commission of crime.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Although April did not abound in rains, May opened with verdure beautifully fresh and green. But what a change three weeks brought! The grass looked wilted and yellow; the young grain parched; the strawberry vines, which gave early promise of abundant yield, drooping and withered; young fruit trees scorched and shrivelled; wells in country places nearly dry; and all creation terribly dusty. Farmers prayed for rain, everybody longed for rain, and still the clouds were dry and the heat intense. Every day there was an anxious examination of the "indications" of weather, and a hope that the morrow would develop a storm-centre somewhere, or at least heavy showers. And still there being no blessed reality, the poet's lines lingered in the mind with a sort of prospective refreshment:

> "After the dust and heat
> In the broad and fiery street,
> In the narrow lane,
> How beautiful is the rain!....
> The rain, the welcome rain!....
> To the dry grass and the drier grain
> How welcome is the rain!"

As we write the air is thick and smoky, and the fierce heat beats down upon the sweltering denizens of our city. On May 25 the mercury reached 93°—a temperature very unusual for *spring;* and suffering mortals are watching for the appearance of "a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," which shall herald the much-desired rain, that doubtless will have watered the parched earth before this paragraph is read.

In Asiatic Turkey a famine is raging whose horrors can scarcely find a parallel, although famines are prevailing in many countries at this time. The Archbishop of the Syrians has sent to the American Legation at Constantinople a pathetic appeal for relief.

On Sunday, May 23, nearly twenty thousand persons fled from the burning heat of the city to the cooling breezes of Coney Island. In fact, the season opened full blown before the hotels opened. But everything will speedily be ready for guests.

The East Side Lodging-house for Homeless Boys, the gift of Catherine Lorillard Wolfe to the Children's Aid Society, was lately open for the inspection of the public. The building is located at East Broadway and Gouverneur Street, and cost about $50,000. In the basement is the swimming-bath, drying-room, and gymnasium; the dining-room is on the first floor, and the dormitories on the third and fourth floors. The conservatory, a pleasant feature of the lodge, is on the second floor. There are accommodations for three hundred boys.

At the close of the Cincinnati Musical Festival the announcement was made of the organization of a permanent festival chorus, of which Theodore Thomas is to be director. Mr. Michael Brand was chosen to act as director during Mr. Thomas's absence abroad. A handsome music stand was presented to Mr. Thomas by the chorus, in token of their appreciation of his faithful services.

Madison Square Garden seems to be a doubtful structure, to say the least. After the coroner's investigation of the disaster at the Garden, the building was declared unsafe by the jury, and its removal ordered by the Superintendent of the Building Department. The owners objected to doing this, and a committee of experts was selected to make a thorough investigation of the premises, and give a final decision. This committee decided that the Garden, although unsafe at present, could be so strengthened as to make it safe. Therefore this committee seems to have assumed the responsibility of the safety of Madison Square Garden.

About seventy buildings in Edenburg, Pennsylvania, were destroyed by fire on the night of May 22. Over a hundred families were made homeless by this conflagration.

An earnest appeal is made in behalf of the Sea-side Home for Children at Coney Island; and the extreme heat, coming even before the summer months, makes it specially important that those who can aid this most worthy charity should do so promptly. The Home is for the benefit of those children whose parents can not afford to give them change of air and proper food and care during the hot weather. By giving to mothers a chance to take their sick children to the sea-side, the lives of hundreds have been saved. During the past four years 6564 children and 2232 mothers have been received at the Home. The mothers and children remain one week each; in rare cases a longer stay is allowed. Twenty-five dollars will defray the expenses of taking fifteen children to the Home for a week's refreshment. This institution opens on June 14.

The new Sailors' Coffee-house, in York Street, near the Brooklyn Navy-yard, is three stories in height, and has a dining-room, reading-room, library, and bedrooms.

Fifteen persons were killed and many wounded by a recent accident on the South Pacific Coast Railroad. In one of the tunnels between Santa Cruz and Big Trees the cars ran off the track, throwing the inmates of two of them in a confused mass against the bank and over the track. About forty were injured, and the hotels of Santa Cruz were turned into temporary hospitals for their treatment.

Reports come of the ravages of the phylloxera in the vineyards on Vesuvius. Precautionary measures have been adopted, but the result, it is feared, will be disastrous. In Sicily, also, this insect pest is spreading.

At the sixty-fourth annual meeting of the American Bible Society it was stated that the New Testament has been translated into the Japanese language, and published; and the translation of the Old Testament into the same tongue has been commenced.

The New York Flower Mission distributed 150,000 bouquets during the last season among a hundred different hospitals, etc., and to the sick in tenement-houses. The Flower Mission is now open on Mondays and Thursdays at 239 Fourth Avenue.

The Palace of the Tuileries is to be restored to its former condition before it was fired by the Communists in 1871, and to be converted into a museum.

Twenty-five candidates for the ministry are sent out this year by Yale College, most of whom have already chosen their field of labor.

The example of Connecticut should be followed by all the other States in regard to adopting measures to protect the travelling public against dangers arising from visual defect in railway employés. The Legislature of Connecticut has passed an act authorizing the preparation of rules for the examination of railroad employés in regard to color-blindness or other visual defects, and makes provision for penalties to be inflicted on any railroad company employing persons who have not a certificate indicating their freedom from color-blindness. The necessary examinations will be made by medical experts.

Some time this month a great public work will be commenced by the French government for the commercial benefit of France, namely, the construction of a new sea-port at La Rochelle, at an estimated cost of 15,000,000 francs. The present harbor is choked up by the long-time accumulation of mud and sediment, and nature offers facilities for the construction of a new one about three-quarters of a mile north of the old one. This enterprise will be of great advantage to the commercial world.

The Edelweiss, the white Alpine flower which is such a favorite with travellers, is becoming so very scarce that the Swiss government has forbidden its wholesale destruction, under strict penalties.

It is stated that only a few rhododendrons will bloom in the Boston Public Garden this year, because some malicious person has cut most of the plants. The mutilation was evidently the work of a trained florist, though what could be the motive for such an act seems to be a mystery.

It is said that American beef and mutton are cheaper and better in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow than they are here. This surely ought not so to be. It is very well to send an excellent quality of meat to foreign markets, but home consumers should not be defrauded thereby. Several causes of the inferiority of our meat have been mentioned: it is said that the best animals in our live-stock yards are exported to Europe, the second quality shipped to Cuba, and home consumers have to put up with what is left. However this may be, there is no doubt but that there is a great difference in flesh of animals which have been hurried from distant places and driven directly to slaughter, and that of those which are first rested and fattened. The high price of meat is due in a great measure to the numerous middle-men, who all come in for a share of the profits. A speculator in the far West buys a herd, and sells the cattle to another speculator in Chicago, who again sells them to some Eastern market, whence they go to the wholesale dealer, and from him to the retail dealer; and the one who wants to eat the beef pays each his profit.

BEAUTY IN POTTERY AND PORCELAINS.

Mr. Davis Collamore, the head of the well-known firm which bears his name, is now on his way to this country from foreign parts, where he has been making selections of China, Minton, Copeland, Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, and Moore wares, and also of the best Paris, Dresden, Meissen, Berlin, and Leipsic productions. The exquisite taste which Mr. Collamore is known to possess gives assurance of a choice invoice. Especial efforts have probably been made in the present instance, since this house will soon extend their already large store through to Fifth Avenue, where the store No. 149 has been secured, and will be used specially for the choicest pottery, faience ware, and porcelains. This enterprising firm have also taken a store in the Cascino Building at Newport, R. I., where they propose to keep a complete assortment of tableware, besides the innumerable articles of ornament and use such as New Yorkers are accustomed to find in their store at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Broadway.

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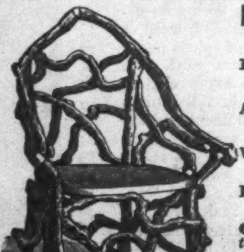

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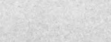

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